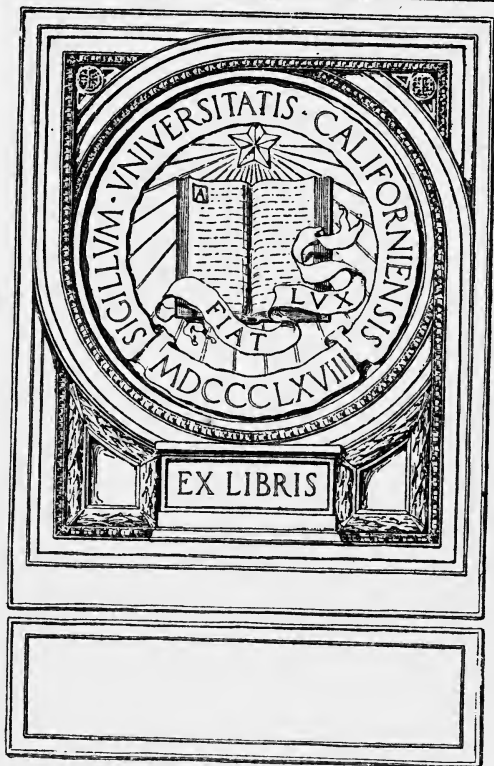


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MONOGRAPHS DEVOTED TO THE COMPARATIVE  
STUDY OF THE

Literary, Linguistic and Other Cultural Relations  
OF  
Germany and America

EDITOR  
MARION DEXTER LEARNED  
University of Pennsylvania

*(See List at the End of the Book)*

# HEINE IN AMERICA

*Thesis presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School  
of the University of Pennsylvania in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the Degree  
of Doctor of Philosophy.*

*By*

H. B. SACHS

Americana Germanica

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## INTRODUCTION.

The spirit of the world  
Beholding the absurdity of men—  
Their vaunts, their feats—let a sardonic smile  
For one short moment wander o'er his lips.  
That smile was Heine!

—Matthew Arnold.

In 1826 the first volume of the *Reisebilder* appeared, and Germany realized instantly that it possessed a new great writer of prose. In 1827 came *Das Buch der Lieder*, and Europe possessed a new great poet. Yet, before these facts could be duly recognized and openly acknowledged in England and America, the genius of Heine had to conquer great prejudices. Heine detested the English; he said that he might settle in England if it were not that he would find two things there—coal-smoke and Englishmen, neither of which he could abide. The air of London felt like an oaken cudgel upon his shoulders. His notes on English institutions, literature, the English attitude were insolently malignant. All this was not calculated to endear him to the leaders of English opinion. Consequently we need not be surprised to find eminent critics joining in the general expression of indignation and abhorrence. "Here was a poet," Kingsley said, "who might or might not be a genius, but who was certainly a leper." Men like Carlyle, who were the interpreters of German literature in England, and whose opinions were regarded as authoritative, did not hesitate to pass judgment of condemnation on Heine. "That blackguard Heine" is Carlyle's only reference to Heine. Everything about him proved, in English eyes, detestable. He was a Jew, and a pagan and a skeptic—a truly delicious compound for the Englishman. He had erected an idolatrous Napoleon legend just when the Napoleonic phantom had been laid comfortably to rest. In England it was long before the fascinating genius of Heine made peace with the spirit of the nation. In Clough and Matthew

Arnold we have the first conscious introduction of Heine's influences into English poetry. The school of Pater and Swinburne adopted Heine's modern and yet intense paganism. The memory of Heine thus gradually overcame the bitter prejudices of English readers. The interest in Heine has increased amazingly in England; thanks in the first place to Matthew Arnold's admirable essay,<sup>1</sup> and next to the writers of various magazine articles, which have appeared in England and in America. Special mention must be made of the excellent contributions towards an enlightened estimate of Heine's works by George Eliot,<sup>2</sup> J. D. Lester,<sup>3</sup> and Charles Grant.<sup>4</sup> We cannot overestimate the great influences which these views have had in American criticisms of Heine. In many instances American critics have either quoted, restated with approbation or wholly appropriated the estimates of Arnold and Grant. Matthew Arnold in his remarkable essay on Heine said: "Heine is noteworthy because he is the most important successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity—his activity as a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity. . . . Heine is in the European literature of that quarter of a century, which follows the death of Goethe, incomparably the most important spirit." Such an estimate of Heine from England's most distinguished critic could not fail to dominate American criticism on the works of the poet.

Precisely the same prejudices, which existed in England against Heine, appeared in America in a less bitter form. So long as American criticism on German literature was influenced by Gervinus, Menzel and other detractors of Heine, together with the indignation of the Englishmen, we must not expect to find just and sympathetic criticism. Misconceptions, inaccuracies must arise so long as original thought and independent investigations were deemed unnecessary. Longfellow writes an

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<sup>1</sup> *Cornhill's Magazine*, Vol. 8, 1863, pp. 233-249. Reprinted in *Essays on Criticism*.

<sup>2</sup> *Westminster Review*, 1856. Reprinted in her essays.

<sup>3</sup> *Fortnightly Review*, Vol. 6, N. S., 1869, pp. 287-303.

<sup>4</sup> *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 38, 1880, pp. 372-395.

essay on Heine repeating the views of depreciative German critics rather than stating his own. All early critics place implicit confidence in the statements and anecdotes of Strodtmann and have no scruples about inserting absurdities attributed to Heine. One reviewer reports Heine as dead in 1849. Almost all critics quote, in order to add authority to their views, a remark of Goethe given in *Eckermann's Conversations*: "One thing is lacking in him—love." The reference, as one of Mr. Storr's<sup>5</sup> reviewers pointed out, is not to Heine, but to Count Platen. How could anyone acquainted with Heine's genius assume that Goethe would give expression to such an absurd opinion? Mr. Storr pleads as an extenuating circumstance that he was misled by Strodtmann.<sup>6</sup> Mr. William Sharp,<sup>7</sup> the author of the best English monograph on Heine, and Matthew Arnold, both in his *Essays on Criticism*, and in his poem *Heine's Grave*, endorse this absurdity.

If the bitterness of the early American reviewers of Heine's works was due to the English influence and the slavish adherence to views of German critics, Heine did not fail to add a provocation by his fierce and withering satire. Not satisfied with his ridicule of the English, Heine made a virulent attack on Americans. In 1830 he writes to his friend Börne from the lonely little island of Heligoland: ". . . or shall I betake myself to America—to that huge region of free men, where the invisible fetters would be more galling to me than the visible ones at home; and where the most odious of all tyrants—the mob—exercises its brutal authority. Thou knowest what I think of this accursed land, which I used to love before I had understood it. And yet my vocation as liberator compels me publicly to praise and extol this country! Oh, you good German peasants, go to America! You will there find neither princes nor nobles; all men are alike there; all are equally

<sup>5</sup> Heine's *Travel Pictures*, translated by Francis Storr. 2d Ed. London, 1895. Preface. 1867-69.

<sup>6</sup> Adolf Strodtmann, *Heinrich Heine's Leben und Werke*. 2 Bds. Berlin,

<sup>7</sup> *Life of Heinrich Heine*, by William Sharp. London, 1888.

churls—except, indeed, a few millions whose skins are black or brown, and who are treated like dogs.”

By such denunciations Heine alienated many Americans. Are we to wonder that American critics assumed a hostile attitude towards him and endeavored to find cause for denouncing his character? This indulging in personalities, for which they condemned Heine's criticism of A. W. Schlegel and Börne, now became characteristic of the criticism on Heine. Ripley and other eminent critics in their reviews of Heine's works concerned themselves chiefly with condemning his character and searching for imperfections in his works. When they found any flaw they proceeded at once to exaggerate it. But the time for a more just appreciation of Heine was destined to come and was ushered in by George Eliot and Matthew Arnold.

But misunderstandings of Heine's character did not cease until the publication of *Heine's Familienleben* by his nephew Baron von Embden more than ten years ago. Heine's affection for his mother, sister and his surprising devotion to his wife came as a complete revelation to all who had painted him as a devil.

# Heine in American Criticism.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

(Vol. XLII, 1836, pp. 163-178.)

This article is a review of *Letters Auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany*, by Heinrich Heine. Translated from German by G. W. Haven, Boston, 1836.

Acknowledging that the book presents the views of a man of uncommon talent and power, the reviewer declares that Heine is an enemy of superstition, bigotry and tyranny without being a friend of religion and true liberty; a hater of the vices of others, without being a lover of virtue. Heine's perception of others' foibles and faults is as quick and sure, as his ridicule is pointed and his sarcasm withering. His natural powers are indisputably of a high order. As a critic he exhibits a penetration and clearness of perception and strength and distinctness of delineation, an abundance and happiness of illustration, an appropriateness of comparison, and a liveliness, ease, and vigor of style, rarely united in one man. His control of the language is remarkable. The reviewer doubts whether Heine is surpassed or equalled in this respect, by any writer of that time. After some comment on Heine's prejudices and unfairness as a critic, the reviewer says: "Heine combines the volatile, effervescent spirit of the French with the philosophical depth of the Germans. His poetical talent, even if he had not evinced it by the particular productions which rank him high among the living poets of Germany, is apparent both from his appreciation of the same power in others, and from the beauty of many passages in the work under consideration, passages which have all that constitutes true poetry except versification. . . . Heine presents a mixture of good and bad qualities. . . . We are far from advocating or even excusing his political, theological and philosophical opinions; but we would, in fairness, acknowledge the correctness, justice and originality of many of his criticisms."

The reviewer then proceeds to make the reader acquainted with the original of Mr. Haven's translation. In doing this he uses as far as possible Heine's own words, in order to give not merely an account of Heine's opinions, but also some specimens of his manner. In speaking of Heine's attack on A. W. Schlegel the reviewer waxes warm and says: "This is on the whole the most exceptionable portion, indicating a relentless, atrocious hostility, for which there is, upon Heine's own showing, no sort of ground. We are naturally led to suspect some private grudge. The description of the personal appearance of A. W. Schlegel, and the allusions to his private affairs, are so evidently in bad taste and proofs of a rancorous and implacable malice, that we pass by them in silent contempt."

Heine attributes Tieck's change from his first to his second manner to the influence of the Schlegels, and the change to the third manner to the influence of Goethe. These changes struck Heine as a strange discrepancy between the understanding and the imagination. The reviewer here takes exception to Heine's view and endeavors to explain these three manners of Tieck as the principal stages of a perfectly natural and spontaneous process of the inner man; a perfect harmony; the absence of extremes; in a word the result of a natural and complete development.

The review concludes with remarks on Heine's criticism of Schelling, Hegel, Steffens and Görres, which the reviewer considers full of interest and humor, but by no means free from prejudice.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

1807-1882.

Longfellow affords an excellent illustration of a man of talent and genius failing to understand the significance of Heine in the literature of Europe. The views he expresses in his article on Heine in *Graham's Magazine*<sup>8</sup> are not quite in accord with what he really felt concerning Heine. This will be evident

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<sup>8</sup> *Graham's Magazine*, Vol. XX, 1842, pp. 134-137.

from the quotations from his journal. Although Longfellow does not omit mentioning all the faults attributed to Heine's style by the enraged German critics, yet he does not hesitate to imitate Heine's manner in *Hyperion* and *Voices of the Night*. This illustrates the truth of the saying that what a man condemns publicly, he often hastens zealously to imitate.

Matthew Arnold's estimate of Heine on first reading was anything but favorable, as his letters<sup>9</sup> show. Happily Arnold travelled soon far from the state of mind in which he could regard the *Reisebilder* as "the most ridiculous thing in the world." He knew that to speak of Heine as a man who tried to be gloomy was the reverse of the truth, and he consequently expressed the truth upon mature reflection. But Longfellow reprinted his essay to serve as an introduction to the article on Heine in the *Poets and Poetry of Europe* a few years later.

In *Hyperion* (1839), Chapter VII, in speaking of Menzel's attack on Goethe, Paul Fleming says: "But, of all that has been said or sung, what most pleases me is *Heine's Apologetic*, if I may so call it; in which he says that 'the minor poets who flourished under the imperial reign of Goethe, resemble a young forest' . . . (Cf. Heine's view of Goethe in *Romantische Schule*)." After quoting the passage, Paul Fleming says: "Do you not think that beautiful?" "Yes, very beautiful," says the Baron, "and I am glad to see that you can find something to admire in my favorite author, notwithstanding his frailties; or, to use an old German saying, that you can drive the hens out of the garden without trampling down the beds."

The *Romantische Schule* seems to have been a great favorite with Longfellow and he quoted the sections treating of Goethe, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* and *Das Niebelungen Lied* in his *Poets and Poetry of Europe*.

In his article in *Graham's Magazine*,<sup>10</sup> Longfellow says: "Ludwig Börne once said that Voltaire was only the John the

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<sup>9</sup> *Letters of Arnold*, edited by W. E. Russel. Vol. I, pp. 10-11. Letter to his mother, May 7, 1848.

<sup>10</sup> *Graham's Magazine*, Vol. XX, pp. 134-137.

Baptist of Antichrist, but that Heine was Antichrist himself. Perhaps he paid Heine too great a compliment; yet the remark is true as far as this, that it points him out as the leader of that new school in Germany which is seeking to establish a religion of sensuality, and to build a palace of Pleasure on the ruins of the church. The school is known under the name of Young Germany. It is skeptical and sensual; and seems desirous of trying again the experiment so often tried before, but never with any success, of living without a God. Heine expresses this in phrases too blasphemous or too voluptuous to repeat. Heine's plans for regenerating society are at best but vague opinions thrown out recklessly and at random, like fire-brands, that set in a flame whatever light matter they fall upon. . . .

"The style of Heine is remarkable for vigor, wit and brilliancy; but is wanting in taste and refinement; to the recklessness of Byron he adds the sentimentality of Sterne. The *Reisebilder* is a kind of *Don Juan* in prose, with passages from the *Sentimental Journey*. He is always in extremes, either of praise or censure; setting at naught the decencies of life, and treating the most sacred things with frivolity. Throughout his writings you see traces of a morbid, ill-regulated mind; of deep feeling, disappointment and suffering. His sympathies seem to have died within him, like Ugolino's children in the tower of Famine. With all his various powers, he wants the one great power—the power of truth! He wants, too, that ennobling principle of all human endeavors, the aspiration after an ideal standard, that is higher than himself. In a word he wants sincerity and spirituality.

"In the highest degree reprehensible, too, is the fierce, implacable hatred with which Heine pursues his foes. No man should write of another as he permits himself to do at times. In speaking of Schlegel, as he does in his German literature, he is utterly without apology. And yet to such remorseless invectiveness, to such witty sarcasms, he is indebted to a great degree for his popularity. It was not till after he had bitten the heel of Hercules, that the Crab was placed among the constellations.



"The minor poems of Heine, like most of his prose writings, are but a portrait of himself. The same melancholy tone—the same endless sigh—pervades them. Though they possess the highest lyric merit, they are for the most part fragmentary—expressions of some momentary state of feeling—sudden ejaculation of pain or pleasure, of restlessness, impatience, regret, longing, love. They profess to be songs and as songs must they be judged and as German songs. Thus these imperfect expressions of feeling—these mere suggestions of thought,—this luminous mist, that half reveals, half hides the sense,—this selection of topics from scenes of every-day life, and in fine, this prevailing tone of sentimental sadness, will not seem affected, misplaced nor exaggerated. At the same time it must be confessed that the trivial and commonplace recur too frequently in these songs. Here, likewise, as in the prose of Heine, the lofty aim is wanting; we listen in vain for the spirit-stirring note—for the word of power—for those ancestral melodies, which amid the uproar of the world, breathe in our ears forevermore the voices of consolation, encouragement and warning. Heine is not sufficiently in earnest to be a great poet."

How beautifully and poetically has Longfellow pointed out all conceivable as well as inconceivable defects in Heine's style! Yet how inadequate, unfair and negative is this criticism! Longfellow fails to see Heine's real place in the world's literature and his real contribution and influence. Not a word does Longfellow say about Heine's wonderful sea-poetry! Probably when Longfellow read the *Romanzero* he reached different conclusions. Instead of striving to refute the misstatements and exaggerations of Longfellow's criticism we will leave that for subsequent reviews. Let us quote a passage from Longfellow's journal to see what he said a few years after this criticism appeared in *Graham's Magazine*.

In the *Journal*,<sup>11</sup> June 4, 1846, Longfellow commented on the *Book of Songs* as follows: "A true summer morning, warm

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<sup>11</sup> *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, edited by Samuel Longfellow. 3 Vols. Boston, 1893. Vol. II, p. 41.

and breezy. F. sat under the linden-tree and read to me Heine's poems, while I lay under a hay-cock. . . . Heine, delicious poet for such an hour! What a charm there is about his *Buch der Lieder*! Ah, here they would be held by most people as ridiculous. Many poetic souls there are here, and many lovers of song, but life and its ways and ends are prosaic in this country to the last degree."

Other passages might be quoted to prove that Longfellow's appreciation of Heine became more sympathetic but this will suffice. Later we shall see how Longfellow caught the manner of Heine in his poetry.

#### SARAH AUSTIN.<sup>12</sup>

Remarkable, considering the date when it was written, is the pregnant and just tribute paid to the merits of Heine in Sarah Austin's brief sketch. After giving some well chosen specimens of Heine's brilliant and witty prose style, she proceeds to give a brief biographical and critical sketch, calling attention, in a graceful manner, to Heine's significance in European literature as follows: "Some of his songs are beautiful, especially those written in Heligoland, the imagery of which is drawn from the northern seas and their various aspects. Their lyrical sweetness is not surpassed by anything in the German language, except by some of Goethe's songs. Heine's prose style is also regarded in Germany as admirable even by those who least admire the matter of his writings. As a proof of his artistical merit, I might mention the pretty sort of echo of the beginning with which the *Hartz-miners* closes."

Colonel T. W. Higginson in his latest work (*Part of a Man's Life*, Boston, 1905), speaks of Sarah Austin's *German Prose Writers* as one of the first books which kindled his literary enthusiasm. It was together with Heine's work *Die Romantische Schule*, among the first books which created in America the zeal for German literature.

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<sup>12</sup> *Fragments from German Prose Writers*, translated by Sarah Austin, with Biographical Sketches of the Authors. New York, 1841, p. 220.

W. H. HURLBUT.<sup>13</sup>

Of all criticisms on Heine we have no hesitation in pronouncing Hurlbut's the unique and most amusing. That Hurlbut was possessed of a fertile imagination from the inexhaustible store from which he preferred to draw in sketching Heine's life, rather than go to the trouble of investigating, will be obvious. That there were rumors of Heine's death in 1848 is not improbable; but how can we excuse the audacity of a man who writes with certainty without ascertaining the real facts? The mournful description of Heine's lamentable death in 1848 is too amusing to be omitted. If we bear in mind that Heine's malady began in 1848 and his death occurred in 1856, Hurlbut's sketch affords us more amusement. The article begins with a brief and clear outline of the rise and character of the school known as Young Germany. After connecting Heine with this school, Hurlbut says: "In 1830, he went to Paris, and finding the extravagance, intellectual and social, of that fermenting city the atmosphere best suited to his restless nature, he fixed there his abode. There he continued to reside, occupying himself with his literary labors, poetical and political, and enjoying with full zest the brilliancy and reckless gaiety of a circle in which he held a central place till his death in 1848. The close of his life was darkened by great physical sufferings, and greater social and spiritual misery. He was struck at once with paralysis and with blindness. These deprivations shutting him out from those material sources of delight at which he had nourished himself so long, embittered his temper and led him to a neglect of the elegancies and amenities of life, which soon drove away many of his butterfly friends. And though his genius and importance still secured to him the admiration and the sympathy of a few superior persons, he may be said to have been withdrawn from the cheerful light of human society and to have died in a very desolate and mournful condition. This brief account of a career, uneventful as are the lives of the majority of literary men, comprises all that we have

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<sup>13</sup> *North American Review*, Vol. LXIX, 1849, pp. 216-249.

learned with certainty of the outward biography of Heine. It comprises, too, we are inclined to think, all that we need know of that biography. His birth, his occupation, his place of residence, his death—these are all the important keys that his history can give us to the outward character of a man and of his works.”

Having dashed off this biographical sketch Hurlbut now turns his attention to making a careful review of Heine’s literary activity in various departments of literature. The most important of Heine’s works, that upon which his fame must eventually rest, is, in Hurlbut’s opinion, the *Reisebilder*. He assigns it a high place among literary favorites of all literatures, and finds these two seals of genius stamped upon the greater part of the *Reisebilder*—entire independence of thought and feeling, and true poetic power of description and representation. The careless audacity, Hurlbut declares to be the very spirit of the movements in these travels. What he particularly regards as a distinctive merit of the *Reisebilder* is the entire absence of cant. The scenes in the *Hartzreise* Hurlbut thinks are portrayed with admirable skill and force.

Of Heine’s satirical powers he finds *De l’Allemagne* to be the finest exhibition. But he warns the general reader to beware of the *Romantische Schule* if he reads for information, and if he values his literary integrity and would keep his mind free from prejudice. After advising the reader to shun the dangerous brilliancy of the *Romantische Schule*, Hurlbut continues: “To all serious persons, of whatever nation, it must remain only an entertaining abomination. We dismiss it with alacrity to its proper circle—the Inferno of literature, into which it will assuredly sink. We cannot be considered as unmerciful in consigning *Atta Troll*, *Deutschland* and many other merely political squibs, to the more ignoble quarter of that Elysium in which so many mighty shades of Rome, France, and England dwell.”

If the *Romantische Schule*, *Atta Troll* and *Deutschland* were consigned to the realm of the shades and oblivion by Hurlbut’s unmerciful condemnation, the *Buch der Lieder* was at least saved

to posterity by him. In this beautiful collection he enjoys the fragrance of a gifted nature, the peaceful working of a naturally clear and noble heart. The enjoyment is marked by a spirit of skepticism. In criticising the *Buch der Lieder* Hurlbut says: "The poet asserts himself in these masterly compositions—the tenderness, the glow, the hope find expression in most exquisite forms. His plastic power is remarkable. Heine is unquestionably the greatest artist among the younger German poets, but to compare him to Goethe is exaggerated praise. We are charmed by the seductive beauty and melody of his verse. And when, in some parts of that extraordinary poem, *The North Sea*, Heine really rises to pure and lofty feelings, to grand and simple thoughts, the solemnity and powers of his measures, sometimes rolling out with the rhythm of the waves, reveal the intrinsic greatness of the poetic nature which was lost to art and to its own true happiness in the turmoil of our times."

The *Neue Gedichte* Hurlbut declares to be the saddest, the most lamentable, perhaps, that ever proceeded from a man so capable of greatness. Heine's raillery, which he calls the "evil spirit," here tramples down the holiest feelings and scoffs at the most beautiful thoughts. The fatal element in Heine's character Hurlbut declares to have been the want of any resolute adherence to a great and noble purpose. The reviewer objects to calling Heine the German Byron, because they only resemble each other in artistic power, sensualism and love of the sea. Hurlbut thus distinguishes them: "The gay, reckless, witty politician is wholly different from the magnificent English scoffer. The one was a scoffer among scoffers, the other a terrible scorner in a day of fearful convulsions and wrathful conflicts. Their very sensualism bore not the same stamp; with Heine it was sentimental, with Byron it was passionate."

Vainly endeavoring to find a parallel for Heine, because he thinks the comparison with Byron unsatisfactory, Hurlbut finally lands upon an absurd solution of the problem by suggesting that Heine might, with justice, be called a nineteenth century Wieland.

## HENRY HEINE.

The reviewer writes a letter from Oberwesel-on-the-Rhine to a friend in Park Place. In this letter he speaks of Heine as the genius who tore up the treaties of Vienna, a tearful trifler, a sardonic sentimentalist who laughs at old legends over his wine, and shudders beneath the Lorelei-rocks in the twilight. The music of Heine's melodies, the subtle and true rhythm of his genius enrapture the writer of the letter when he first hears the *Lorelei* in the sweet Rhenish weather. In speaking of the *Lorelei* the writer says: "How completely is Heine's own individuality preserved in the half smile which plays upon his lips as he ends his song! He seems to throw off the brief mood of romance, and turns on his heels again, to skepticism—and entire Germany has produced only two poets beside Heine, who could have written this song of the Lürlei, and neither one of them could thus have concluded it; Uhland was too serious a sentimentalist, Goethe too consummate an artist."

After briefly sketching Heine's life and giving in translation some specimens of his poetry, the writer comments on the *Reisebilder* as follows: "The *Reisebilder* was almost as original in form as it was fresh in substance; . . . one is vaguely reminded by it of the *Sentimental Journey*. But the reminiscence is so very vague! It always reminds me much more strongly of a comic opera. What opera ever had an overture more exquisitely constructed than those songs of the Heimkehr in which all the coming work is so musically resumed, hinted or foretold?"

The writer is delighted with the style of the *Reisebilder*, the rhythm of which glides on in prose as "harmonious as the flow of a forest brook, and ever and anon is broken into little melodious cascades of verse." He enjoys the grace and power with which Heine paints all manner of scenes and persons. Heine's description of London he considers one of the finest ever written of that indescribable, inexhaustible London. After dwelling upon and analyzing the exquisite, limpid style of Heine, the reviewer

maintains that of the Germans only Lessing has approached and Goethe surpassed it. The art of composition has declined in Germany since the avatar of Heine, but the decline did not begin with him.

Heine has been classed by some critics with the great humorists. This classification is obviously incorrect, and the reviewer very justly takes issue with these critics, and makes the following distinction: "If to be capricious is to be a great humorist, then he (Heine) is one. But the best quality of humor lies deep in the soul, beneath the light play of caprice. The style of a great humorist, of Jean Paul, for instance, or Carlyle, does not glitter, it glows. The style of Heine is, in no wise, incandescent, but rather scintillating. Compare Heine's *Sketch of Religion and Philosophy in Germany* with Carlyle's *Past and Present*, and you will see clearly what I mean."

Having drawn this distinction, the writer speaks of Heine's remarkable attainments in French and gives some account of *Die Romantische Schule*, *Der Salon*, *Vermischte Schriften*, Ludwig Börne, and Heine's last days. Pointed, brilliant, fanciful, and fascinating as is the prose style of Heine, the writer thinks that the most abiding charm of his genius is to be found in the fine lyrical qualities: "In his own secret heart, I doubt not he (Heine) cherished, most of all his works, those exquisite effusions which collected in half a dozen series from the *Lyrical Poems*, published in 1822, to the *Romanzero* (the saddest and poorest of them all) published in 1853, comprise some of the truest, and sweetest, and strongest lyric poetry of modern times." In concluding his letter, the writer takes advantage of the opportunity to censure Gervinus for his unjustifiable attitude toward Heine and says: "And though Gervinus (respectable Gervinus) has thought fit to omit Heine from his very stupid history, as long as the German language shall live, these songs will live, in which the German consonants have been wrought to melodies as delicious as were ever trilled through the vowels of Italy."

In addition to this criticism on Heine's literary achievements, this article also contains some meritorious, metrical translations of some of Heine's most famous lyrics. But of these we

shall treat in the section dealing with American translations of Heine's works.

This sympathetic and appreciative estimate was evidently written while the writer was under the spell of Heine's magic, and consequently he fails to point out the defects in Heine's works, on which other critics are so fond of dwelling to a monotonous extent.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

As a man of considerable talent and fame, a very close student of Heine, the opinions and views of Leland are worthy of our careful attention and respect. Captivated with the genius of Heine, he, nevertheless, was conscious of the German's defects and inconsistencies. Leland's criticisms of Heine appeared as prefaces to the various translations, the first of which, the *Reisebilder*, appeared in Philadelphia, in 1855, with the title, *Pictures of Travel*. In this preface, Leland expresses the opinion that no modern German writer has exerted an influence comparable to that of Heine, and that since Goethe no author has penetrated so generally through every class of society. This universality of popularity he considers the surest test of the existence of genius. Leland groups Heine with that great band which numbered Lucian, Rabelais and Swift among its members. The secret of Heine's popularity among the Germans, Leland finds to be universality of talent, sincerity and weaknesses, and the graceful art of communicating to the most uneducated mind refined secrets of art and criticism. Considering it worse than folly to attempt to palliate Heine's faults, Leland condemns the vulgarity of many passages in the *Reisebilder*. That Heine was a genius, and not a clever imitator of genius, he thinks, is shown by his many and marvellous prophecies or intuitions. The fact that Heine can only be fully comprehended as a whole, and the more one reads him, the better he is appreciated, Leland finds to be only characteristic of great writers who do not reproduce themselves.

In the preface to his translation of Heine's *Florentine Nights* (London, 1891) Leland says: "It is much to say of a voluminous writer in prose as well as in verse, that he has left few



lines that can be spared from the literature of the world. Goethe, whom we cheerfully acknowledge greater than Heine, is totally unable to stand such a test in his poetical works, even to say nothing of his prose. . . . Heine was a poet by the grace of God and carried the happy instinct of his verse into his prose. As a poet he was essentially a 'Volksdichter.' He was equipped with two intellectual gifts, perfect lucidity and perfect proportion. He was at the same time a most original and accurate thinker, and possesses in the discussion of grave matters the ease and brightness and symmetry which have constituted his charm as a lyric poet."

Of much greater merit and value as criticism than the preceding is the preface which Leland wrote for his translation of *De l'Allemagne* (London, 1892). After expressing his admiration of the brilliancy and fascination of the style of this work, Leland says: "Such writers are invaluable as educators or trainers of thought and style. One cannot praise too highly, as regards depth and value, the manner in which he has seized, in a most independent, original manner, on the leading names which truly illustrate German thought since Luther, or the exquisite skill and refined art with which he has concisely and beautifully set them forth. The wonderful parallel which runs through his work, like a motive through an opera, of the progress of the mental revolution in Germany and the political in France. The simile is grandly sustained and carried to a triumphant conclusion."

The principal faults of the *Romantic School and Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, according to Leland are : (1) A fair and harmonious idea of the balance of any author described is not given because the author was manifestly unable to accord or co-ordinate error and merit in others. This is the result of Heine's love of gossip and scandal and his boyish susceptibility which made him for the moment altogether enthusiastic, either with admiration or anger, at a character or a book, without reflecting on the other side; (2) The childish jealousy, or merely personal dislike, which he had not the good sense to control or conceal. Heine had not the vast impartiality of a Goethe. Hence

he neglects the real influence or action of certain authors in their time, although he does it well with others; (3) He does not give intelligently and succinctly the method of any philosopher, and in several cases this is done so imperfectly as to almost induce the suspicion that he had not clearly understood them. This is certainly the case as regards the methods of Kant, Fichte and Schelling, while as to Hegel he really tells us nothing at all.

In conclusion Leland says about "Germany": "It is an eccentric, though brilliant and genial mingling of metaphysics, mockery and memoir. He did not explain German metaphysics well or clearly to the multitude; he simply made its vast influence understood by entertaining and personal gossip, interspersing so much that was vivacious, original and true with a great deal that was frivolous and sometimes false, as to produce the greatest masterpiece of *mélange* known in literature."

Despite these shortcomings of Heine as a critic and interpreter, Leland thinks that in the *Salon*<sup>14</sup> Heine shows himself absolutely a master in criticising pictures, music, and the stage with marvellous ability, carefully avoiding technical terms. He believes the *Salon* to be, as a whole, the one which, of its kind, combines more suggestive thought, amusement, and information than any other with which he is acquainted. Very justly Leland disapproves of Heine's pitiful and disagreeable abuse of Raupach and Spontini.

Pointing out as the predominant characteristic in which Heine greatly surpassed all writers of his time that "he nothing touched which he did not adorn," Leland, in his preface to the *French Affairs*,<sup>15</sup> calls attention to two very eminent points in this book. One is the masterly manner in which Heine as early as 1832, immediately after Louis Phillipe's succession to the throne, pointed out clearly and accurately the causes which would lead to that monarch's overthrow. These causes were bound up with many influences which are still in vivid action, and which

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<sup>14</sup> *The Salon*, translated from German of Heine by C. G. Leland. London, 1893. Preface.

<sup>15</sup> *French Affairs, Letters From Paris*, translated from German of Heine by C. G. Leland. London, 1893.

no writer has expressed more wisely, more searchingly or more succinctly than Heine. Therefore Leland thinks that the *French Affairs* forms an admirable preparation for a study of French politics of the present day. The reason why these letters have never received the recognition due to their real merit, Leland thinks, is owing to the heedless manner in which they were written and the flippant gossip introduced to catch the eye of the general reader. The second remarkable point in these letters including those in "Lutetia" is the fact that Heine, alone, in the early thirties foresaw very clearly the future of Socialism and the troubles which it was to cause.

Speaking of Heine's incongruities, Leland says: "The Germans call Jean Paul 'the Only One,' because he is supposed to be quite peculiar in his incongruities or in combining opposite characteristics. Yet I am certain that in this respect Heine, and not Jean Paul, may claim precedence. There is at least in Richter a deep moral unity, and however eccentrically he piled up or overwrought his intertwined sentences, he never once fell into the vulgar and careless style of the very worst of scribblers for the press. But Heine exhibits in his intellectual efforts such startling contradictions as were never yet beheld in living mortal; while as regards style or writing, there are in his works hundreds of passages in which literary art attains the most exquisite perfection; while, on the other hand, it is undeniable that there is not a living writer of the English language, be he ever so humble a tyro on the obscurest sheet, who would scrawl, even in haste, such bungling, reiterative, and shallow sentences as may be found at times rather frequently in all of Heine's works, but especially in this (*French Affairs*)."

Leland's preface<sup>16</sup> to his translation of *Heine's Familienleben* is a review of this book, which he considers to be the best life of Heine which had yet appeared. In prefaces and notes to his translations Leland had laid great stress on the extraordinary contradictions which Heine's character presents, and which Le-

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<sup>16</sup> *The Family Life of Heine*, edited by von Embden and translated by C. G. Leland. London, 1893.

land thought entitled him to be called in preference to Jean Paul, "the Only One" (the unique), in literature. Now Leland finds that in a complete abandon to Hellenism, Heine was always consistent. And as a final, overwhelming proof of Heine's bizarre nature, Leland learns that the professed roué was in reality all his life long possessed by such an intense absorbing love for his mother and sister, and had constantly after marriage such faithful moral devotion to his wife, perhaps unparalleled in literary biography.

GEORGE RIPLEY.

*Putman's Monthly Magazine.*

(Vol. VIII, 1856, pp. 517-526.)

Ripley's paper on Heine's last days severely condemns his character. It is rather analytical and philosophical in tone; but it confines itself closely to the data given in Alfred Meissner's *Erinnerungen*.<sup>17</sup> As an introduction to his review of Meissner's little volume Ripley says: "Heine was not the man to secure the love or even the esteem of general society. His wit had too sharp an edge to conciliate the favor of common acquaintance. He wielded it too recklessly to inspire confidence in his moral integrity. His insatiable love of fun, his instinctive sense of the ludicrous, and his miraculous command of the vocabulary of humor, were combined with a subtle Mephistophelean malice, and an audacious disregard of consequences, which were saved from being repulsive only by his brilliant keenness of intellect, and the original and surprising escapades of his fancy, which leave the reader in a state of piquant gratification and eager curiosity at once."

The revelations of Heine's remarkable idiosyncrasies as illustrated by the incidents contained in Meissner's book attracted Ripley. He considered Heine one of the most illustrious poets Germany has produced, possessing a restless and yearning soul enclosed in a tender and almost weak constitution, and experienc-

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<sup>17</sup> *Heinrich Heine's Erinnerungen*, by Alfred Meissner, 1856.

ing both the rapture and the wretchedness of life, with the exaltation of enthusiasm. While Heine was being consumed by controversy and ambition, there was another characteristic, thinks Ripley, which tended to destroy his physical life: "He was the poet of love, and predestined to devote his life to the celebration of female beauty. He sang of passion in all its forms, from Platonism to the Witches' Sabbath. He found expression for its tenderest breathings, as if he possessed the heart of the elves; and was as familiar with its bolder display as if he had shared in the feasts of the fauns. . . . For Heine love was the element of life; no intoxication of the senses; no temporary plunge into dissoluteness, but an immeasurable passion, which penetrated his whole being and kindled it into an ardent and beautiful flame. . . . His soul was completely given to what he lived. In this passion whose music rang through his nature, he felt himself elevated above the discords of the world, of society, of political forms, and it also took him out of himself and the perpetual dualism of his character. But these flames, in which he loved so well to breathe, devoured his life, consuming his very soul."

Ripley comments on the difference in the natures of Börne and Heine, calling Heine a child—his brain swarming with gay visions—wild, unlicensed, extravagant—a poet, a sybarite, a creature of the world—fond of frivolous society. Ripley believes that Heine could not have been a friend of moral earnestness, because he liked nothing so well as an obstreperous laugh. After repeating some of the incidents given by Meissner illustrative of the great wretchedness and agony of Heine's last days, Ripley exclaims: "Such was the end of one of the most extraordinary poets of recent times. But whatever claims his poetry may assert on the admiration of the world, his personal character can never be arrayed in attractive colors. But compared with any true ideal of humanity, Heine was not a man to command approval or love. This scoffing element in his nature was predominant over the suggestions of truth. Devoted to the worship of beauty, his life plan left no place for the pursuit of good. He seems never to have recognized the presence of the ethical principle in

the constitution of man. The voice of duty was never heard amidst the seductive melodies of his song. He was possessed, like many other men of genius, with a gigantic selfishness. Unscrupulous in the exercise of his wit, he made fewer friends than admirers, and his enemies were more than either. No one can say that he did not deserve his fate. His personality was one from which the heart shrinks; his life, though impassioned, was grim and unloving; his death was lonely, without faith and without hope; his genius will consecrate his memory, but can never redeem his character."

Meissner, in his *Erinnerungen*, paints Heine's character in attractive colors, but Ripley evidently regarded his testimony as insufficient in view of the damaging evidence presented by other accounts of Heine's wickedness. It is hardly fair to judge the susceptible nature of Heine by such harsh Puritanic standards, as Ripley was inclined to do, or to endeavor to bind the impulses of Heine's wild and wayward genius by artificial rules. Had Ripley lived to read Heine's letters addressed to his mother and sister, so inspired with passionate affection, allied to the most delicate and unaffected respect, he would doubtless been less severe in his condemnation of Heine's character.

#### THEODORE PARKER.

Profoundly learned in the German language, philosophy and literary criticism, Theodore Parker saw the need, in America, of a new kind of criticism. It must be like the German in its depth, philosophy, all-sidedness and geniality. It must have the life, wit and sparkle of the French. Most of the American critics at that time (1839) were somewhat shallow, and they wrote often of what they understood but feebly and superficially. Parker did a great deal towards exciting a desire for more thorough critical ability among Americans. His papers on German literature and Strauss are among the best on the subject published in American reviews. He wrote a critique of Menzel's *History of German Literature* and criticisms of Goethe and Schiller.

Parker was greatly interested in Heine and his works are full of references and quotations from Heine's poetry and criti-

cisms. Of Parker as a translator of Heine's poetry we shall speak later. As a specimen of Parker's acumen as a critic and appreciation of Heine's genius we will quote a passage from a letter <sup>18</sup> to Mrs. Apthorp dated September 21, 1857: ". . . Heine has a deal of the Devil in him, mixed with a deal of genius. Nobody could write so well as he—surely none since Goethe; that Hebrew nature has a world of sensuous and devotional emotion in it, and immense power of language also. But his genius is lyric, not dramatic, not epic; no Muse rises so high as the Hebrew, but it cannot keep long on the wing. The Psalms and Prophets of the Old Testament teach us this; Oriental sensuousness attained their finest expression in the *Song of Solomon*, and in Heine's *Lieder*. In the latter the idol is veiled in thin gauze; in the former it is without the veil. Much in Heine I hate—much likewise, I admire and love. The *Romanzero* I never like enough to read. Heine was malignant and blasphemous."

JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

*The Dancing Bear.*<sup>19</sup>

Far over Elf-land poets stretch their sway,  
And win the dearest crowns beyond the goal  
Of their own conscious purpose; they control  
With gossamer threads wide-flown our fancy's play,  
And so our action. On my walk today,  
A wallowing bear, begged clumsily his toll,  
When straight a vision rose of Atta Troll,  
And scenes ideal witched mine eyes away.  
"Merci, Mossieu!" the astonished bearward cried.  
Grateful for thrice his hope to me, the slave  
Of partial memory, seeing at his side  
A bear immortal. The glad dole I gave  
Was none of mine; poor Heine o'er the wide  
Atlantic welter stretched it from his grave.

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<sup>18</sup> *Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker*, by John Weiss. New York, 1864. Vol. 1, p. 306.

<sup>19</sup> *Works of J. R. Lowell*. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, 1895. Vol. IV, p. 184.

That Heine was a great favorite with Lowell we are assured by various sources of information, principally Mr. W. D. Howells' *My Literary Friends and Acquaintances* and *My Literary Passions*. When Mr. Howells visited Lowell in 1860, the conversation at once turned on Heine, and Lowell expressed his appreciation and great admiration of Heine's genius. Yet Lowell cautioned Mr. Howells to avoid imitating Heine's cynicism.

In his essay on *Carlyle*,<sup>20</sup> speaking of Goethe's and Richter's influence on Carlyle, and the fact that the Germans had persuaded themselves that the essence of true humor is formlessness, Lowell says: "Heine had not yet shown that a German might combine the most airy humor with a sense of form as delicate as Goethe's own, and that there was no need to borrow the bow of Philoctetes for all kinds of game. Mr. Carlyle's tendency was toward the lawless, and the attraction of Jean Paul made it an overmastering one."

Later, in his admirable essay on *Lessing*,<sup>21</sup> Lowell again expresses his opinion of Heine's style: "That the general want of style in German authors is not wholly the fault of the language is shown by Heine (a man of mixed blood) who can be daintily light in German."

And a few pages further on Lowell<sup>22</sup> says: "Heine himself, the most graceful sometimes, the most touching, of modern poets, and clearly the most easy of German humorists, seems to me wanting in a refined perception of that inward propriety, which is only another name for poetic proportion, and shocks us sometimes with an Unflätigkeit, as at the end of his *Deutschland*, which, if it makes Germans laugh, as we should be sorry to believe, makes other people hold their noses. Such things have not been possible in English since Swift, and the persifleur Heine cannot offer the same excuse of savage cynicism that might be pleaded for the Irishman."

The foregoing passage shows us that Lowell was conscious

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<sup>20</sup> Vol. II, p. 90.

<sup>21</sup> Vol. II, p. 167.

<sup>22</sup> Vol. II, p. 170.



of the defects in Heine's style. Such instances of revolting vulgarity Lowell very justly condemned. Heine's mockery and cynicism also come in for their share of censure. In this same essay on *Lessing*,<sup>23</sup> Lowell remarks: "To the Germans, with their weak nerve of sentimentalism, his (Lessing's) brave common sense is a far wholesomer tonic than the cynicism of Heine, which is, after all, only sentimentalism soured."

Lowell's essay on *Witchcraft*<sup>24</sup> contains among others the following reference to Heine's wit and wisdom in adapting and utilizing his materials: "While Schiller was lamenting the Gods of Greece, some of them were nearer neighbors to him than he dreamed; and Heine had the wit to turn them to delightful account, showing himself, perhaps, the wiser of the two in saving what he could from the shipwreck of the past for present use on the prosaic Juan Fernandez of a scientific age, instead of sitting down to bewail it."

The weakness of the humorist is explained by Lowell's careful analysis in his essay on *Fielding*.<sup>25</sup> While doing this Lowell says: "The weakness of the humorist is that he can never be quite unconscious, for in him it seems as if the two lobes of the brain were never in perfect unison, so that if ever one of them be on the point of surrendering itself to a fine frenzy of unqualified enthusiasm, the other watches it, makes fun of it, renders it uneasy with a vague sense of absurd incongruity, till at last it is forced to laugh when it had rather cry. Heine turned this to his purpose, and this is what makes him so profoundly and yet sometimes so unpleasantly pathetic."

The influence of the Spanish romances on the form of Heine's verse, Lowell says in his notes<sup>26</sup> on *Don Quixote*, is unmistakable.

Speaking of Thoreau,<sup>27</sup> Lowell says that both Thoreau and Carlyle represented the reaction and revolt against Philisterei, a

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<sup>23</sup> Vol. II, p. 229.

<sup>24</sup> Vol. II, p. 327.

<sup>25</sup> Vol. VI, p. 56.

<sup>26</sup> Vol. 6, p. 116.

<sup>27</sup> Vol. I, p. 364.

renewal of the old battle begun in modern times by Erasmus and Reuchlin, and continued by Lessing, Goethe, and, in a far narrower sense, by Heine in Germany.

In his essay on *Winter* <sup>28</sup> Lowell exclaims: "He (Winter) does not touch those melancholy cords on which Autumn is as great a master as Heine." Though fragmentary, desultory and scattered, these references to Heine's works give us a fairly clear idea of Lowell's estimate of the importance of Heine in modern European literature.

#### NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

(Vol. 98, 1864, p. 293 ff.)

The publication of Leland's translation of Heine's *Book of Songs* called forth this critical notice. It begins with the remark that the triumphant question of the lively French Abbé "*Si un Allemand peut être bel esprit*" waited nearly two centuries to be answered, and at last, not by a pure Teuton, but by a German Jew. Of Heine as a wit the reviewer says: "No wittier man than Heine ever lived, nor any whose wit had more purpose in it. Tempered as it was with poetic sentiment, intensified by a feeling half patriotism and half of the race that has no country, its cut was far deeper than that of Voltaire. If he often seems the most careless of persifleurs, the real strength of Heine, as of Byron, lay in the sad sincerity which was the base of his humor." Because Heine is a man of Jewish birth, the reviewer thinks that the lack of "*vivida vis*" of nationality in his lyrical poems may well be forgiven. He considers Heine's lyrics the most graceful, easy and pathetic of modern times. The cause of Heine being a mocker, he thinks, is not because he lacks deep and genuine feeling, but because his enthusiasm has been disappointed and disillusioned.

This is the extent of the critical estimate of Heine given in this review. The remainder of the article is devoted to an appreciative commendation of Leland's success as a translator of Heine's verse.

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<sup>28</sup> Vol. 3, p. 259.

FREDERIC H. HEDGE.<sup>29</sup>

Hedge was a very learned man and a keen critic. Especially true is this of his scholarly attainments in the knowledge of German literature, and as such his views are of the highest value. It was not till late in life that he became professor at Harvard. He had already published his volume of translations and biographical sketches—*Prose Writers of Germany*. In the case of Heine, he appended to his own criticism, the critique of Matthew Arnold (*Cornhill's Magazine*, 1863). "Since the *Sorrows of Werther*," says Hedge, "no book had so profoundly stirred the German mind as the *Reisebilder*. As a writer, Heine takes rank with the foremost satirists of modern times. But he was more than a satirist, he was a lyric poet of the highest order. A union unparalleled in any other writer before or since of lyric sensibility with bitter sarcasm, of the tenderest sweetness with the sharpest irony, is characteristic of the man. To say that he is the wittiest of German writers is saying little, for German writers are not remarkable for wit. We may say without hesitation he is one of the wittiest of men; we may place him by the side of Voltaire."

In *Hours With German Classics*,<sup>30</sup> Hedge treats more at length of Heine, whom he considers unsurpassed in the attribute of wit. Among writers of all nations, Hedge thinks, Heine stands pre-eminent in the union of dissimilar and antagonistic traits—sarcasm and genuine poetic feeling, Mephistophelean and lyric grace, the bitterest and the sweetest in mental life. But Heine's pre-eminent talent, Hedge finds to be wit of the Voltairian type: wit born of cynicism and inspired by contempt.

Arnold's statement that Heine is the most important successor and continuator of Goethe as a liberator of humanity, is regarded by Hedge as absolutely false. To support his objection to Arnold's view Hedge writes: "To say that a mocker, a persifleur, one whose favorite use of the pen was to bespatter some

<sup>29</sup> *Prose Writers of Germany*, by Frederic H. Hedge. New Edition, Philadelphia, 1870, pp. 568-580.

<sup>30</sup> *Hours With German Classics*, by Frederic H. Hedge. Boston, 1886, pp. 502-528.

respectability, from whom it is so hard to get a serious word on any subject, who seemed to look upon the universe and life as a colossal farce,—to say that such a one has, of German authors next to Goethe, contributed most to the liberation of humanity, is to grievously mistake the forces and influences by which human nature is made free. Liberation comes, not by snarling at oppressors or grimacing at society, but by elevating the mind and enlarging the intellectual horizon. This, Goethe with earnest effort, promoting the culture which alone makes free, spent his life in doing. Only on an earnest, patient, reverent soul could his mantle fall. Heine was not of that sort; when he called himself a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity, he mistook the quarrel with existing institutions for real enlargement and soul emancipation.”

Of Heine's prose works, Hedge considers the *Reisebilder* the best from a literary point of view, because it is the freshest, the freest, the most thoroughly impregnated with the author's genius and also stamped with his faults. The chief merits of the *Reisebilder*, according to Hedge, are flashing wit, rollicking humor, eloquence, pathos and piquancy; and the defects, coarse and bitter satire, unjust criticism, prejudice and egotism. The influence of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* Hedge finds only in the form of the *Reisebilder* but not in the substance. Of Heine's lyrical powers Hedge has this to say: “As a lyric poet Heine must always rank high, not only among German, but among all modern European singers. His songs have that subtle indescribable, inexplicable charm which we find in Goethe, in Uhland, in Béranger, and in Burns; but, above all, in some of Shakespeare's songs. There is in them a spontaneity which is lacking in many poets who far excel him in other qualities—in fire and force—as Schiller and Byron. There is a touch-and-go character, a fugitive grace, like the momentary fluttering of a humming-bird about a honeysuckle. Their substance is of the lightest, airiest (I am speaking of the songs),—a fleeting thought arrested and crystalized in verse; the mood of the moment breathed in numbers, words coming unsought to embody a sentiment—fall-

ing, as it were, accidentally into metrical cadence and just happening to rhyme: no appearance of elaboration, no suggestion of conscious effort,—sometimes a vexatious looseness of versification; . . . never were songs more popular than Heine's."

Very characteristic of Heine, thinks Hedge, is the blending of sadness and jest in one weird little poem. Beneath Heine's cynicism and vituperation there was a latent love of his fatherland. This, and his yearning, unconquerable affection for his mother, Hedge commends as Heine's redeeming traits.

Heine's essay on the history of religion and philosophy in Germany, Hedge naturally finds superficial, yet he ranks it in merit next to the *Reisebilder*. The dissertation on *The Romantic School* is, in Hedge's judgment, too much praised by non-German readers, ignorant of the writers treated, who regard it as the most valuable of Heine's productions. Hedge denies that Heine ranks third among the poets of Germany, because he was no "maker"; he was "not a great poet, but a marvellous songster, and beyond comparison, Germany's wittiest writer,—the foremost satirist of his time."

#### LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

Lucy Hooper is particularly noteworthy as a translator of German verse. Her translations from Goethe, Geibel, Schiller, Hebbel and Vogl, display rare talent. Especially was she successful in her rendering of Goethe's inimitable and fascinating *Fisher*, and *The King of Thule*. Why she should have given us so many translations from Geibel and so few from the others, is not apparent. As indicative of her estimate of Heine let us take her poem *On a Portrait of Heine*:<sup>81</sup>

Behold! the limner's magic art  
In few, yet wondrous lines doth tell  
How beautiful, how sad, how sweet  
The face of him who sang so well!  
The Poet, not the Infidel,

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<sup>81</sup> *Poems by Lucy Hamilton Hooper*. Philadelphia, 1871, p. 62.

Looks from those features calm and fair!  
 No skeptic sneer their beauty mars,  
 For Death is near and Thought is there.  
 Thus thou didst look, thus hadst thou sung,  
 What immortality were thine!  
 We ne'er had prayed then, "God forgive,  
 And World forget, each mocking line!"  
 Forgive, O God, forget, O World.  
 What blasphemy he could create!  
 Let but that sweet, sad face recall  
 How sweet his song, how sad his fate!

KATE HILLARD.<sup>32</sup>

Although Kate Hillard advances no original views concerning Heine, she, nevertheless, gives us a careful and lucid view of all previous criticisms. The morbidly discordant tone that often haunts one in reading the poetry and prose of Heine seems to her to betray a lack of health in the writer. She complains that the exquisite fancy, the delicate grace of a song is spoiled by the laugh in the last line. The strange distortion of this noble soul, she believes to have had its origin in a subtle deterioration of the brain, commencing early and culminating in the softening of the spinal marrow which resulted in death after eight years of intense suffering.

Kate Hillard finds much that was similar in the natures of Byron and Heine. Of the two, Heine appears to her the simpler and the sweeter, because while Byron was bitter and affected, Heine was more sincere in his grief as well as in his joy. The worst trait in Heine's character, she believes to be his savage attacks on Börne and Schlegel. Her characterization of Heine is interesting if not original: "Imagine a nature with all the Hebraic inheritance of pride, intensity, and stubborn devotion to the idea, power and sadness as of the sea; endow it with Hellenic susceptibility to beauty and to love, with ardent passions

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<sup>32</sup> *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. X, 1872, pp. 187-194.

and tender sensibilities; add to these the German dreaminess and quiet humor, simplicity and tenderness, through which play swift gleams of truly French wit and enthusiasm; and then in this wonderfully organized brain, this instrument that should be capable of producing the strongest and sweetest of earthly harmonies, implant a fatal disease that gradually tightens its hold till life itself is stifled in its terrible grasp. Is it any wonder that some of the strings jangle? . . . a single thing is lacking in his brilliant career, a healthy brain."

Yet in spite of this lamentable situation, Kate Hillard admits that the good, the true and the beautiful preponderate in Heine's writings. In his poetic soul suffering and sorrow are transmuted into golden thoughts and precious fancies. Heine, she thinks, rivals Tennyson in the melodious charm of his verse. The exquisite grace, the dainty finish, the wonderful imagery lead her to call Heine pre-eminently a poet of the poets. Noteworthy is her comparison of Goethe and Heine: "He (Heine) has a subtle faculty of suggestion that seems to open through the narrow windows of his shortest poems wide vistas of thought and feeling. It is a divine incompleteness more attractive than the full-armed beauty that leaves nothing more to be desired. Herein lies the greatest difference between the songs of Heine and of Goethe. The shortest verses of Goethe contain a fully-rounded thought, complete and perfect from all sides. It is finished and there is nothing for the most daring and restless fancy to add or alter. But Heine gives us in his songs a sort of touch-and-go effect that is inexpressibly charming. It is like a bird that lights on a bending branch, shakes out one burst of melody and is gone before you fairly realize its presence."

In spite of all the faults that stand out frankly on the surface of Heine's soul, she finds that there is something fascinating in his loving heart, his brilliant intellect, sparkling wit, his tender, mournful pathos, the wonderful imagination of the man. Inexpressibly touching is the spectacle of his suffering during his last days, and it is no wonder that Kate Hillard was powerfully affected by it.

S. A. STERN.<sup>33</sup>

The biographical and critical introduction which Stern gives to his *Scintillations from Heine*, is based largely on Strodttmann and Arnold, and consequently presents very little worthy of our serious consideration. Mr. Stern thinks that Heine's faults were as patent as his virtues; but that his genius was greater than either.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.<sup>34</sup>

While reviewing Stern's *Scintillations* and Lord Houghton's monograph on *Heine*, Mr. Howells took advantage of the opportunity to express his admiration of his adored Heine. The *Florentine Nights*, Mr. Howells calls a weird, romantic monologue containing the wildest inventions and caprices, and continues: "It is incoherent, changeful, lawless, natural, and enchanting as a dream, full of the tenderness and insult of Heine's passion, with enough of his fine, coarse suggestion; the slight thread of narrative is dropped whenever the author likes, and his fancy ranges satirically to anything else in the world,—art, politics, religion and the odiousness of England and the English people, the delightfulness of Paris . . . "

Mr. Howells thinks that Heine loses in translation that softness of outline, that play of light and shadow which characterize him; he becomes harsh, sharp and sometimes shabby. Heine, says Mr. Howells, can best be appreciated by young men not past the age of even liking the faults of genius, whereas men in middle life are somewhat wearied, though Heine remains wonderful. Of Heine's sentimentalism Mr. Howells says: "All expressions of Heine's mind were tinged or interspersed with the same sort of passionate sentimentalism, his criticism, satire, politics, religion, even his contempt. There was always something creative, too, in his writing; the poet in him constantly strove to give objective

<sup>33</sup> *Scintillations From the Prose Works of Heine*, translated by S. A. Stern. New York, 1873.

<sup>34</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. 32, 1873, p. 237 f.



shape to what he felt or thought, and the process was the same whether he was allegorizing his youthful love of beauty or recording his youthful detestation of England."

To give a general idea of *Florentine Nights*, Mr. Howells calls it a wandering and wilful expression of Heine's mind upon anything that comes into it. Charm is the only unity he finds, and at the same time he remarks that some passages of the *Florentine Nights* are not to be read aloud to young ladies. In reviewing Lord Houghton's monograph, Mr. Howells recognizes the unmanageableness of Heine's character and endeavors to explain the enigma of his genius by calling him a poetic humorist.

Of Hettner's *History of German Literature*, Mr. Howells writes, that it is the only German book, excepting those of Schopenhauer and Heine, which is written in a pleasing, graceful style.

More valuable as criticism is Mr. Howells' review<sup>35</sup> of Leland's translation of Heine's works. Concerning Heine's prose, Mr. Howells says that it has the mood and music of poetry and sings and laughs and sighs and capers as it goes. The newspaper letters from Paris to the *Augsburger Zeitung*, covering the emotions if not the events of two revolutions, are in Mr. Howells' opinion, the most valuable and delightful record of that period. Apropos of these letters Mr. Howells exclaims: "Heine is always a mocking-bird, of the gayest and saddest note in the world; but it must be allowed that he is much more a mocking-bird when he is not doing duty as a carrier-pigeon for the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, but he is wildly tuning and tumbling in airy heights and depths of his own choosing."

Howells conceives of Heine as an ultimatum of an English impulse. The rise of the suspiratory and interjectional school of highly poetized and highly personalized English prose (Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*) transfused into Heine a fresh inspiration, a novel force, a charm unknown before. But Sterne's coquettish, capricious pose was quickly transformed in Heine, whose attitude was no longer that of the Englishman.

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<sup>35</sup> *Harper's Magazine*, Vol. 107, 1903, p. 480 f.

Inwardly Heine was not Sterne alone, but also Voltaire and Rabelais. But more and more Heine's own strange physiognomy shone through till that became all and the contributory expressions nothing. Once Heine became himself, he remained an influence and force destined to be felt wherever literary art feels the need of liberation.

Interesting is Mr. Howells' acknowledgment of Heine's universal influence: "What Heine does for the reader, who is also a writer, is to help him find his own true nature, to teach him that form which is the farthest from formality; to reveal to him the secret of being himself. He cannot impart the grace, the beauty in which he abounds, but if his lover has either in him, Heine will discover it to him. The delight of his instruction will be mainly æsthetic, but the final meaning of his life and work is deeply and sadly ethical."

Howells regards Heine as the arch-mocker, before whom Aretino and Voltaire must bow their heads. That self-mockery of Heine's, he says, is bewitching, but it is not one of the things which Heine profitably teaches, because it invokes everything, unfaith as well as faith. Heine had no philosophy of art, or conduct, or politics that lasts, except freedom. But what will be lasting in Heine, says Howells, is his literature, his poetry, which is no more separable from his prose than from his verse.

After deploring the fact that Heine often misbehaved, and at times atrociously and infamously, Howells concludes: "Yet with all his offensiveness, he could be of an exquisite gentleness, purity, and tenderness. He was not a very good Jew, but he asserted nobly the dignity of Judaism: he was a doubtful Christian, but he felt to the heart the beautifulness of Christ; he was a poor pattern of Protestantism, yet he was as far from being a Catholic as from being a pagan or a Puritan. For all his sins he paid with sufferings of such rarely exemplified severity that they might well have persuaded him of a moral government of the world, if they were not mere accidents befalling him while worse sinners went free."

## S. L. FLEISHMAN.

The biographical and critical sketch of Heine in Fleishman's *Prose Miscellanies*<sup>36</sup> is valuable in many respects. Fleishman follows the account of Strodtmann, the able and sympathetic biographer of Heine. In fact, the biographical and anecdotal portions of this sketch may be considered as merely a translation and condensation of Strodtmann's *Heine's Leben und Werke*. The apparent contradictions in Heine's personal character are utilized by Fleishman in explaining the surprises, paradoxes, and startling anti-climaxes in which his writings abound. After acknowledging that a more witty, poetic, and enjoyable style than Heine's cannot be found in the literature of any country, Fleishman continues: "His love of antithesis is one of the marked features of his style. He delights in stirring the mind of the reader with tragic emotion, deep pathos, beautiful and elevated thoughts simply to surprise him in the concluding line with some terse, cynical remark or quaint, humorous conceit totally out of harmony, as it would seem at first thought, with what had preceded."

Many critics maintain that these anti-climaxes mar some of Heine's finest poems, and give the impression that Heine is mocking both himself and his readers. Fleishman accounts for these inconsistencies by attributing to Heine two natures combined in one, where the fervid fancy and wild poetic enthusiasm are tempered by sound, practical common sense. Heine's poetry has been compared to a beautiful rose beneath which lurks the stinging thorn. Concerning this, Fleishman remarks: "None more than Heine appreciated the beauty and the fragrance of the rose, but he knew also, that the thorn also was there. His habit of looking at the two sides of everything—the bright and the dark, the poetical and the prosaic, the strong voice and the weak echo, the contrast between noble, exalted, ideal aspirations and the disheartening shortcomings in actual life,—it is this that embitters the life and writings of Heine."

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<sup>36</sup> *Prose Miscellanies From Heine*, translated by S. L. Fleishman. Philadelphia, 1876.

Burns, Byron and Heine are called by Fleishman the most eminent modern poets of the egotistic or subjective school. Heine can be as grand, romantic, and picturesque as Byron, and as simple, unpretentious and quaintly humorous as Burns. After a comparison of the sea-poems of Byron and Heine, Fleishman reaches this conclusion: "Heine's sea-poems are as majestic as Byron's grand apostrophes to the ocean. Both impress upon us the conception of the immensity and grandeur of nature, but Heine by some droll anti-climax in the concluding verse always wipes away this impression of awe. Byron is artificial. Heine is as natural, graceful and attractive as Burns."

That wonderful collection of poems, *The Romanzero*, Fleishman agrees, is the "last, free forest-song of Romanticism." Believing it to be useless to seek to palliate Heine's faults, Fleishman exclaims: "Richly endowed by nature, he did not always use his gifts wisely or well. This perversion of his talents will always be a blot on his fame; his sin brings its own punishments. Gifted with the most wonderful and versatile powers—a clear insight into men and things, a vivid imagination enabling him to fill up the gaps of history and biography, a poetic power and fervor that could clothe even the most hideous objects in robes of beauty and tenderness, a wit that for sting has not its superior in any literature, dramatic and descriptive powers of the very highest order,—with such qualities he could not fail to acquire a large circle of readers."

Fleishman thinks that Heine has failed to win a place in the affection of people, because he lacks moral character, hence men seek in vain for noble teachings, for lofty and elevating thoughts free from cant in Heine's works. No amount of grace, talent or genius, he says will make up for this deficiency, and for his licentiousness. *The Nation* in a review of Fleishman's translation, *Prose Miscellanies*, speaks of the *Romantic School*, as follows: "It is a late day to call attention to the admirable way in which Heine wrote this chapter of literary history. Many long-winded German commentators and collectors of mouldy facts have toiled over the same ground, nearly buried beneath their learning, without half the insight of Heine,

without half of his brilliant gift of exposition. Compare for instance, Haym's massive work with these few chapters, and it is easy to see on which side the advantage lies—certainly not with the heaviest battalions." Heine has been accused, with much justice, of indulging in harsh personalities, notably in the case of the Schlegels. Yet it is remarkable, thinks Mr. Fleishman,<sup>37</sup> that Heine's literary judgments have been substantially indorsed by posterity. Fleishman regards the *Romantic School*, a review of German literature by one of the masters of that literature, as a classic of its kind.

The *Suabian Mirror*, Heine's caustic review of some of the minor poets of Germany, though written in Heine's most characteristic style, brilliant, witty, Mr. Fleishman finds reprehensible because it is personal and written with a decided spite of malice.

JUNIUS HENRY BROWNE.<sup>38</sup>

This review begins with the customary remark that Heine was one of the wittiest of men, and after touching on his influence and unquestioned force it calls attention to Heine's eccentric character, antagonisms and inconsistencies. "Much that Heine did," continues Browne, "was intolerable and inexcusable, and yet his worst behavior was relieved by exceeding goodness. Quotations from Heine are as contradictory as himself. Their great range and inconsistency may be illustrated by saying that they would excuse and condemn every act, noble and ignoble, of his checkered career. They were the offspring of impulse."

Very justly Mr. Browne believes the strong influence which Byron exerted on Heine to have operated mainly through sympathy. Heine found in Byron his own thoughts and feelings forcibly expressed. Their temperaments were a good deal alike, and consequently, thinks Mr. Browne, they often struck the same keys and produced the same notes. But Mr. Browne wishes us

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<sup>37</sup> *The Romantic School*, by Heinrich Heine. Translated by S. L. Fleishman. New York, 1882. Preface.

<sup>38</sup> *Appleton's Journal*, Vol. 17, 1877, pp. 23-31.

to understand that there was no imitation on the part of Heine; he was as original as Byron; the muse of both was in their own brain and heart.

Heine was accused by Longfellow of insincerity, yet Mr. Browne emphasizes his belief that Heine was absolutely and invincibly sincere.

Speaking of the *Reisebilder*, Mr. Browne says: "His work was prose and poetry combined, embracing graphic and striking impressions of his travel and his reflections thereon, eloquent, charming, often pathetic, but mingled with the caustic irony and biting satire that are inseparable from his writings."

Heine's dramas *Almansor* and *Ratcliffe*, having no dramatic interest are pronounced by Mr. Browne of mediocre merit. Of Heine's retort to Platen, Browne says: "It was the quintessence of wormwood, terrible, withering, annihilating. It showed the immense power of his sarcasm, his genius for stabbing with poisoned stilettos."

The principal defects and blemishes of the *Book of Songs*, according to Mr. Browne, are its radicalism, scoffing and skeptical spirit. But he finds it to be true to life and the treatment to be almost faultless: "It had the perfume of true poetry. In simplicity and suggestiveness the production was Greek. Behind an airy lightness was the deepest import; a delicate touch undulated down to the heart of nature, the sweetness and charm, grace and sensuousness of the verse."

Comparing the lyric genius of Goethe and Heine, Mr. Browne finds it difficult to decide to whom to award the superiority. As a lyric poet, Mr. Browne feels sure that Heine has never been surpassed by any German, except Goethe, if even by him. The prose style of Heine Mr. Browne regards as admirable, ranking above that of Goethe. This he regards as a marvelous achievement in view of the general carelessness of structure and finish of German prose.

The *Französische Zustände*, Mr. Browne finds to be strong and sparkling, deeply veined with irony and abounding in predictions, some of which were remarkably fulfilled.

Concerning the *Romantic School*, Mr. Browne has this to say: "It was savage in its assaults. In it Heine laid about him on every side with supreme bitterness and deliberate malice. Its author was obviously bent on exhibiting his talent for abuse, at the expense of truth of contemporaneous authors."

Heine's virulent attack on Börne is considered by Browne a disreputable achievement because all sense of justice and decency was absorbed in his mania for detraction.

The *New Poems* are highly praised by Mr. Browne; he considers many pieces as not suffering in comparison with those of the charming *Book of Songs*.

After declaring *Atta Troll* to be a satire of the highest order, and some of the final poems to be wonderfully weird and shudderingly beautiful, Mr. Browne concludes his critique by predicting that Heine will be remembered by posterity as a great poet and not as a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.

JAMES K. HOSMER.<sup>39</sup>

James K. Hosmer was professor of English and German literature in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., and in that capacity he was able to compare the genius of Heine with illustrious geniuses of English literature. A careful perusal of Hosmer's *History of German Literature* shows us in what high esteem he held Heine's critical abilities. The *Romantische Schule* was a special favorite with him, and consequently he quotes Heine frequently, especially in treating of the *Niebelungen Lied*, Luther, Lessing, Goethe, Novalis, Tieck and Jean Paul.

In Heine, Hosmer thinks, the spirit of the Jewish race, so intense, so persistent, so trampled by persecution, has found an adequate voice,—a voice in which there is at times the bitterness and gall as of the waters of Marah, poured out too indiscriminately upon the innocent as well as upon those worthy of scorn.

Hosmer quotes approvingly Matthew Arnold's view that Heine became the first poet of his time, the greatest name in

<sup>39</sup> *A Short History of German Literature*, by James K. Hosmer. New York, 1878. Revised Edition, New York, 1892, pp. 497-533.

German literature since the death of Goethe. Of Heine's conception of love in his early poems Hosmer writes: "It is far enough from being the highest, and sometimes a bold, cynical defiance of propriety appears, which grew upon him as he went forward."

The causes which brought down upon Heine the fierce persecutions, Hosmer finds to be his witty, graphic prose, his nonchalant irreverence, which not infrequently runs into insolence and blasphemy, his disregard of proprieties, his outspoken scorn of the powers that rule. About Heine's wit and sentiment Hosmer writes: "Nothing was ever so airy and volatile as his wit, nothing ever so delicate as his sentiment. There has not lived in our time such a master of brilliant graphic description. The Germans have been accused of wanting greatly in wit and humor, but certain it is that this German Jew more than any man probably of the present century in the civilized world possessed these gifts. We must regard him as a genius coördinate with Aristophanes, Cervantes and Montaigne. His conversation was full of it, even when he lay in the greatest misery on his mattress grave."

Hosmer judges Heine's brilliant wit with severity because his wit was often distorted to cynicism; his frivolity to insolence and vulgarity. In art, patriotism, religion or freedom he finds Heine wanting in sincerity, because he sometimes suddenly interrupts the expression of intense emotion by a grotesque suggestion which makes the emotion or its object ridiculous.

In comparing Heine with English writers, Hosmer finds that he has points of resemblance with Sterne, still more with Byron, but that he is more closely analogous in genius and character to Dean Swift. Of Heine's resemblances to Swift, Hosmer says: "Such gall and wormwood as they could pour upon their adversaries, what sinners elsewhere have tasted! With what whips of scorpions they smote folly and vice; but who will dare to say it was through any love of virtue? Both libelled useful and honorable men with coarse lampoons; in both there was too frequent sinking into indecency. Heine was not altogether a scoffer."



Of course, Hosmer knew that Heine had also the power of touching the tenderest sensibilities. Hosmer next dwells on the influence of Romanticism and the popular ballad on Heine's plaintive songs. The air of naturalness and immediateness of Heine's poems he believes to be owing to a certain assumed negligence and consummate art. To illustrate his opinion that no poet has ever been able to convey more thoroughly the impression of perfect artlessness, Hosmer says of the *Lorelei*: "The words of the *Lorelei*, so simple, so infantile almost in sense, and yet with which is marvellously bound such tender feeling! As one repeats the lines they are almost nothing. Yet caught within them, like some sad sweet-throated nightingale within a net, there pants such pathos! The child of the Jew, Heine, was of the race among the races of the earth possessed of the most intense passionate force, and in him his people found a voice. Now it is a sound of wailing, melancholy and sweet as that heard by the rivers of Babylon when the harps were hung upon the willows,—now it is a tone pure and lofty as the peal of the silver trumpets before the Holy of Holies in the temple service, when the gems in the high priest's breastplate flashed with the descending Deity; now a call to strive for freedom, bold and clear as the summons of the Maccabees. But think of the cup that has been pressed to the Jew's lips! The bitterness has passed into his soul, and utters itself in scorn and poisoned mocking. He cares not what sanctities he insults, nor whether the scoff touches the innocent as well as the guilty. Persecution has brought to pass desperation, which utters itself at length in infernal laughter. May we not see in the statue of Venus of Milo a type of Heine's genius—so shorn of strength, so stained and broken, yet, in the ruin of beauty and power, so unparalleled?"

A. PARKER.<sup>40</sup>

This sketch by Parker indicates only in the broadest outlines the scope and general character of Heine and his works. Parker pronounces Heine one of the most original figures in all litera-

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<sup>40</sup> *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. XXVI, 1880, pp. 604-612.

ture, and thinks that his genius never found its highest expression, for, confined within a narrower channel by not enlisting in all the conflicts of his day his genius would have been irresistible, where now its force is only brilliantly dispersive. Of Heine's service to literature, Parker says: "He created a prose style unequalled in clearness and brilliancy by anything previously known in German literature—Goethe's prose is ponderous in comparison—and its influence will be felt long after certain of its mannerisms have passed into oblivion. His wit is destined to immortality by reason of the serious purpose that underlies it. It has a spontaneity which no wit ever exercised for its own ends can ever have." Those who call Heine frivolous and mocker, simply because he can jest at serious things, Parker thinks can only know him very superficially or else must be ignorant of the real part which humor has to play in the world. Heine's service in the war of liberation of humanity, Parker declares, was his setting an example of a man who could speak unflinchingly for principles at a time when such utterance was not easy,—truly a great service to posterity.

M. D. CONWAY.<sup>41</sup>

Beginning ostensibly as a review of Snodgrass's *Wit, Wisdom and Pathos of Heine*, with the remark that there is no page of Heine's without its wit, wisdom and pathos, Mr. Conway really aims in this article to present a study of Heine. The secret of the tenderness felt by scholars and poets for the memory of Heine, is according to Mr. Conway, the fact that Heine's pathos is born of his vicarious sufferings for the happier thinkers of today, and because with this pathos he unites so much wit. This is precisely Matthew Arnold's explanation of the effectiveness of Heine's writings.

At this point Mr. Conway ventures on an absurd statement: "At Göttingen he (Heine) had discovered that he had no faith in the dogmas of Judaism, and was baptised in the Lutheran Church." Gross ignorance of the life of Heine and the motives

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<sup>41</sup> *The International Review*, Vol. 12, 1882, pp. 425-438.

which prompted his abandoning Judaism can only account for such mis-statements. Worse than this is Mr. Conway's assertion that because Heine aimed to tell the truth about the English, they could never forgive him. As a specimen of Mr. Conway's insight let us read the following piece of clever criticism: "He (Heine) was the best European traveller and no other work equals the *Pictures of Travel*, for fine characterization of European communities. He also wrote poetry while he wandered, never any that was poor: much that was great." What a brilliant characterization! The discovery that the first hero of his worship (Don Quixote) was only an effigy made up to be laughed at, had a lasting influence on Heine, thinks Mr. Conway, and caused him to become a mocker. After exalting the mind to some exquisite vision of beauty or character, Heine too often shatters it all by a mocking line, complains Conway, and he thinks this laughter is really the sigh of a soul in pain, unable to find a true satisfaction.

For subtle suggestiveness and beautiful imagery, Conway thinks that Heine's art as a writer has never been exceeded even by Goethe. Conway here mentions a passage in Heine's *Florentine Nights*, which he believes has not its equal in Goethe's Italian letters.

The truest vision of Heine, he finds to be that of the refined artist kneeling to the last before the perfect ideal of humanity, Venus of Milo—armless though it be—not able to bestow bounties like a Madonna or other conventional idol of the world.

A. LANGE<sup>42</sup>

The occasion of this article was the appearance of the fragment of *Heine's Memoirs*, of which the critics had spoken lightly. Langel was very much charmed by them; he admires their pregnant brevity. In the story of the childish and unconscious love of Heine for Sefchen, the daughter of the executioner, he finds the genius of Heine in the embryonic state, with

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<sup>42</sup> *The Nation*, Vol. 39, 1884, p. 89.

all its wonderful qualities and also with its defects. Heine, Langel maintains, was all Heine at the age of twenty-five and life added not much to him; his source of inspiration was only renewed when the approach of death began to be felt. After reviewing the criticisms of Montégut, Langel comes to the conclusion that when Heine wrote in 1816 his *Two Grenadiers*, he was already the great lyric poet whom the world has since admired.

WILLIAM R. THAYER.<sup>43</sup>

Reviewing Weill's volume of *Souvenirs Intimes*, of Heine, Thayer remarks that close inspection of Heine's private life diminishes whatever personal esteem his works may have gained for him. He dislikes Heine's bitterness and mockery and finds him devoid of genuine sincerity and almost bereft of moral sense, and says: "His (Heine's) writings, in the long run, are as unwholesome as a diet of pickles would be."

EMMA LAZARUS.<sup>44</sup>

*The Venus of the Louvre.*

Down the long hall she glistens like a star,  
The foam-born mother of love, transfixed to stone,  
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on,  
Time's brutal hand hath maimed, but could not mar,  
When first the enthralled enchantress from afar  
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone  
Serenely poised on her world-worshipped throne,  
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car,—  
But at her feet a pale death-stricken Jew,  
Her life adorer, sobbed farewell to love.  
Here Heine wept! Here still he weeps anew,  
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move  
While mourns one ardent heart, and poet brain,  
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

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<sup>43</sup> *Lippincott's Magazine*, Vol. 33, 1884, pp. 409-413.

<sup>44</sup> *The Century Magazine*, Vol. VII, 1884, pp. 210-217.

The secret cause of Heine's unhappiness and moral and intellectual inconsistencies Emma Lazarus finds to be a fatal and irreconcilable dualism, forming the basis of his nature—Heine, a Jew with the mind and eyes of a Greek. In setting forth this view she writes: "In Heine, the Jew, there is a depth of human sympathy, a mystic warmth and glow of the imagination, a pathos, an enthusiasm, an indomitable resistance to every species of bondage, totally at variance with the qualities of Heine the Greek. On the other hand the Greek Heine is a creature of laughter and sunshine, possessing an intellectual clearness of vision, a plastic grace, a pure and healthy love of art for art's own sake, with which the sombre Hebrew was in perpetual conflict.

"What could be the result of imprisoning two such antagonistic natures in a single body? What but the contradictions, the struggles, the tears, the violence, that actually ensued? For Heine had pre-eminently the artist capacity of playing the spectator to the workings of his own mind, and his mordant sarcasm and merciless wit were but the expression of his own sense of the internal incongruity. . . . Today his muse is the beautiful Herodias, the dove-eyed Shulamite, tomorrow it will be Venus Anadyomene, the genius of blooming Hellas." From this inherent self-contradiction, Emma Lazarus thinks, sprang Heine's alternations of enthusiasm and cynicism, of generosity and egotism, his infidelities, his laughter and his tears.

As a critic, she finds that his literary opinions were frequently extravagant and partial. Speaking of Heine's marvelous command of language she says: "For him human language seems to lose its inadequacy and intangibility, for him the German tongue lays aside its harshness and unwieldiness to become the most pliant musical medium of lyrical utterance."

To find a parallel for the magnificent imagery and voluptuous orientalism of the *Intermezzo*, Emma Lazarus deems it necessary to go back to the Hebrew poets of Palestine and Spain. In *Ratcliffe* she fails to find a trace of the poet of the *Intermezzo*, and *Almansor* she considers an improvement on *Ratcliffe*.

Nevertheless, as a tragedy, she thinks *Almansor* is a complete failure, lacking the essential elements,—interest, action, and character.

The detached cosmopolitanism of Goethe, she considers cold when compared with the ringing, burning words of Heine's *The Spinners*.

The rich and spicy aroma, the glowing color, the flavor of the Orient so characteristic of Heine in the *Intermezzo*, Emma Lazarus finds in the poetry of the mediæval Spanish Jews and consequently she regards the *Intermezzo* as a well-sustained continuation of the *Divan* and *Gazelles* of *Judah Halevi*, or the thinly veiled sensuousness of Alcharisi and Ibn Ezra. With respect to this influence she says: "Heine is too sincere a poet to be accused of plagiarism, but there can be no doubt that, imbued as he was with the spirit of his race, revering so deeply their seldom studied poetic legacy, he at times unwittingly repeated the notes which rang so sweetly in his ears. What the world thought distinctly characteristic of Heine was often simply a mode of expression peculiar to his people." To illustrate her meaning she quotes a few lines from *Judah Halevi* and calls attention to the fact that Heine had celebrated his great predecessor in the poem entitled *Judah Halevi*, and that its passionate lamentation for Jerusalem has the very ring of Halevi. Despite the magical fascination of Heine's style, she dislikes the morbid, lachrymose sentimentality and the occasional flippancy and vulgarity, and this she thinks "precludes Heine from wearing the crown of those poets whose high prerogative it is to console, to uplift, to lead humanity." Physically, mentally and morally, Emma Lazarus maintains, Heine lacked health.

#### F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Highly commendable is the accurate and delightful characterization of Heine given by Mr. Crawford in his book entitled, *With the Immortals*.<sup>45</sup> Here Heine, made visible by Mr. Chard's experiments, speaks in his own person. In Chapter IV

<sup>45</sup> *With the Immortals*, by F. Marion Crawford. London, 1888.

we have a good description of Heine's wonderful and sarcastic face. Mr. Crawford represents Heine in conversation as regretting his bitter-sweet emotions. He conceives of Heine as made up of contradictions, always out of harmony with his surroundings and in perpetual exile; in Germany a Frenchman, in France a German; among Jews a Christian, among Christians a Jew, with Catholics a Protestant, with Protestants a Catholic.

The magic of Heine's style is carefully analyzed and the effectiveness is illustrated, together with its weakness by having Heine tell a terribly sad story of an old beggar dying in a snow storm; the sympathy of the audience is aroused, then suddenly Heine introduces a facetious remark, wiping away the effect. Gwendolene, Mr. Chard's wife, said: "I wish you would not talk in that light way, after what you have been telling us so earnestly." Heine answered: "I cannot help it, madam, I have a particular talent for being easily moved; and when I am moved I shed tears, and when I shed tears it seems very foolish and I at once try to laugh at myself—or at the first convenient object which falls in my way. For tears hurt—bitterly sometimes, and it is best to get rid of them in any way one can, provided one does not put them beyond one's reach altogether." When Heine has explained to Mr. Chard how pain can be sweet, he is brought together with such illustrious men as Chopin, Caesar and Dr. Samuel Johnson, and, of course, brilliant, witty discussions follow.

Crawford has made a careful study of Heine and endeavors in this book, *With the Immortals*, to present the real portrait of Heine. At times Mr. Crawford succeeds in making Heine witty, ironical and sarcastic as in real life. He has been also tolerably successful in reproducing Heine's anti-climaxes and subtleties of thought. To ascertain in what esteem Mr. Crawford holds Heine we need only reflect that he has made him the leading figure among the immortals of this book. But Mr. Crawford realizes that Heine's immortality is owing to his attainments as a lyric poet and wit and not as a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.

W. S. SIMONDS.<sup>46</sup>

The forces that ruled Heine in his brilliant and stressful career, Mr. Simonds maintains are a passion for the beautiful, for the pleasure in life and for freedom. On almost everything Heine wrote, Mr. Simonds finds the stamp of genius, and sometimes that subtle burst of laughter. Arnold's view that Heine's warfare was waged on Philistinism exclusively, Mr. Simonds thinks is too narrow. Yet he insists that Heine will be remembered only for his *Book of Songs* and the *Romanzero*. The vague restlessness that sometimes turns to mocking laughter so almost like despair, Mr. Simonds explains as the cry of that wandering spirit searching for happiness, for beauty, and finding only dust and ashes where it sought its lost ideal.

HJALMAR HYORTH BOYESEN.<sup>47</sup>

In his essay on *Carmen Sylva*, Mr. Boyesen in speaking of the lyric poet as necessarily a tuneful egoist who mirrors his soul's physiognomy in his song, writes as follows: "Goethe, the greatest lyric genius of the century, set his own heart to music, and Heine, who follows close behind him, drew no less freely upon his emotional experience."

*Die Romantische Schule* is a great favorite with Mr. Boyesen as with all American writers on Romanticism, and he quotes Heine quite frequently, notably in the characterization of Lessing, Novalis and Tieck. On page 285 of his *Essays on German Literature*, Boyesen says: "Heine's essay on Romanticism is a most fascinating book, which is equally remarkable for its epigrammatic brilliancy, its striking originality, and its utter injustice and unreliability."

In commenting on Heine's criticism of Tieck's Märchen, Boyesen writes: "This is not criticism, but it is better than criticism: it is not negatively analytical, but conveys by a certain happy choice of adjectives some of the more positive qualities of the poet (Tieck) and indeed those very qualities which are surest to escape analysis."

<sup>46</sup> *The Dial* (Chicago), Vol. 12, 1892, pp. 213-215.

<sup>47</sup> *Essays on German Literature*, by H. H. Boyesen. New York, 1892.



CHARLES DE KAY.<sup>48</sup>

Mr. De Kay regards Heine not only as a literary star of the first brightness, but as a Captain in the battle America has been fighting. Heine's wit reminds him of Rabelais rather than of Sterne. It was the peculiar quality of the *Weltschmerz*, thinks Mr. De Kay, that rose from Heine's verse and prose, sweet but with a suggestion of death that characterizes Heine and makes him relished by thousands.

B. W. WELLS.<sup>49</sup>

Considerable space is devoted to a sympathetic study of Heine by Mr. Wells, in his *Modern German Literature*, because he regards him as the only writer of primary importance since Goethe's death. Mr. Wells finds two characteristics that connect Heine with the Romanticists, his irony and his national democratic protest. This irony he thinks, sprang from the incompatibility of two elements in Heine's nature,—the Hellenic joy of life such as inspired Goethe's *Roman Elegies* and the Hebrew earnestness nursed by the study of Hegel. Of these two elements Mr. Wells writes: "Each seemed by turns to show him the emptiness of the other. He never succeeded in establishing a harmony between these antinomies of his character. Hence came a mocking spirit to which very little was sacred, and which Heine possessed in a higher degree than any writer of the century."

The *Intermezzo*, Mr. Wells maintains, marks an advance in form, on the earlier poems, but ethically it showed increasing bitterness, sinking sometimes to vituperation, and a reckless boldness that rose at times to sensuality. Yet he admits that some of Heine's most perfect lyrics are to be found in it.

Heine learned to know and love the sea as no other German poet has done. Concerning the poems grouped under the title,

<sup>48</sup> *The Family Life of Heine*, by von Embden. Translated by Charles De Kay. New York, 1893. Preface to English translation.

<sup>49</sup> *Modern German Literature*, by Benjamin W. Wells. Boston, 1895. pp. 324-364.

*Heimkehr*, with the later "Nord-See" cycle, Mr. Wells says that they are the finest verses of the sea that Germany has ever produced and will bear comparison with the best work of Byron and Shelley in this field. Of the *Reisebilder* (*Harzreise*), Mr. Wells writes: "None resisted the charm of this imperishable monument of satiric wit; it was something new in German literature. Such light, easy, sparkling prose, such graceful, daring, bubbling wit, had not yet been seen in Germany, and were to remain an unattained model for the imitation of following generations. Heine has never been equaled in this field save by himself, and he has not always maintained the level of the *Harzreise*."

Despite the capricious disorder of the *Buch le Grand*, Mr. Wells finds in it a life that defies criticism, graceful, grotesque, cynical, naïve, with a vigor, a brilliancy, a keenness of scorn, and a fire of enthusiasm. That the poems of the *Romanzero*, so tender, so melodious, so exquisite in form and fancy should be the product of the sleepless nights of a bed-ridden sufferer, seems to Mr. Wells to be almost beyond belief. Seeing in Heine the skeptical representative of a time of ferment and the one who transferred to a political and social field the activity of Goethe in a literary sphere, Mr. Wells concludes as follows: "He (Heine) is the wittiest, clearest, keenest satirist, the most delicate and graceful writer of songs in Germany. . . . Less positive than Goethe, he has not the peculiar quality that makes a classic for all ages and peoples, and yet, as Matthew Arnold says, he is "incomparably the most important figure of that quarter of a century that follows the death of Goethe."

FRANK E. SAWYER.<sup>50</sup>

This musical critic possesses also considerable poetic talent. As a lover of music he is naturally a lover of the Musicians' Poets and particularly Heine, whose influence on Sawyer's poetry is unmistakable. In his *Notes and Half Notes*, Sawyer has the following sonnet on Heinrich Heine, Schubert's poet:

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<sup>50</sup> *Notes and Half Notes*, by Frank E. Sawyer. New York, 1896, p. 90.

More than all other poets, it is thou,  
 Heine, to whom the world's musicians kneel.  
 Thou know'st so well all that tried spirits feel  
 Who never to a man-made law will bow!  
 Thou see'st us men with thorn encircled brow,  
 Who, outcast from our kind, to God appeal.  
 But God is sphinx-like; then our hearts we steel,  
 And drain life's wine cups, knowing all is now!  
 Yet e'en when flashing forth they falchion bare,  
 Thou droppest song-pearls, which the musician strings  
 Into a necklace for his lady fair:  
 Pearls with the argent gleam of angel wings  
 Which surely they have caught, sometime, somewhere,  
 When thou wast soaring for God's hidden things.

WILLIAM STEINWAY.<sup>51</sup>

In this article Mr. Steinway first gives an indication of the representations and arguments by which the authorities of Düsseldorf and Mayence justified their refusal of a monument to Heine. Then he states, refutes and ridicules the New York press objections to a Heine monument in New York on the ground that Heine could not be credited with the overwhelming genius which compels recognition. In the course of his remarks Mr. Steinway says: "Thus, on grounds of pure prejudice, Heinrich Heine, incomparably the most popular of all German poets, not excepting Goethe or any other; ranking, by universal recognition, with the very first men of genius of all the world's ages: whose creations have entered more largely and lastingly into the domain of music than those of any other writer, had been formally pronounced unworthy of monumental honors in the land of his birth. There are innumerable generations still to come which will give the world none who can excel the lyrics of Heine."

MARION M. MILLER.<sup>52</sup>

Recognizing in Heine a brilliant, original spirit and creative genius, Mr. Miller begins his review of Ellis's translation of Heine's *Prose Writings* (Camelot Series). Mr. Miller classes

<sup>51</sup> *The Forum*, Vol. 20, 1896, p. 746 f.

<sup>52</sup> *Bachelor of Arts*, Vol. II, 1896, p. 778 f.

Heine as belonging to the ancient Greek cult of Adonis-worshippers, those who mourned with Bion and Moschus the loveliness of Life in Death. As a humorist, he thinks, Heine is inferior to Artemus Ward in so far as personal satire is beneath a humor of ever glowing geniality, but Heine's cosmopolitanism makes him the typical humorist of the nineteenth century.

In analyzing Heine's humor Mr. Miller continues as follows: "The epigrammatic form in which his humor is often cast is typically French; the humanity exhibited by his half-comic, half-pathetic characters, thoroughly English; and the broad ethical purpose of the whole, even when commingled with the fiercest satire, as universal and exalted as the prophetic cry of Elijah among the priests of Baal or of Carlyle against the modern shrine of Mammon." The union of all that is intellectual and emotional and ethical in modern humor is found by the reviewer in the *Reisebilder*.

Mr. Miller calls the *Romantic School* and *Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, magnificent criticism, and much needed models for modern reviewers, combining as they do, exposition that is not pedantic, and comment that does not rely on paradox alone for its *raison d'être*.

In conclusion Mr. Miller calls attention to the great influence of Heine in the sphere of social reform, and asserts that Heine is esteemed by Socialists as the poet of revolt against established social institutions.

KUNO FRANCKE.<sup>53</sup>

Professor Francke does not sympathize with the violent declamations of contemporary Anti-Semitism against the so-called inroad of Judaism into German culture. Börne's and Heine's services as forerunners of the revolution of 1848, he considers sufficient to secure them an honorable place in German history. In Heine, he admires a poetic genius in whom vibrated the accords and discords of a whole century. Unwilling to join in the defamation of Börne and Heine, Francke says: "If there is to be blame, and alas! there is ample ground for it, let them

<sup>53</sup> *Social Forces in German Literature*, by Kuno Francke. New York, 1896, pp. 509, 514, 519-527.

be blamed first who stigmatized these Jews as Jews, who slandered their race and vilified their ideals, who cast suspicion upon their motives and slurs upon their achievements, who forced them into unworthy compromises and stratagems or else into a sterile opposition to the whole existing order, who in a word by disfranchising them, made them either scoffers or fanatics or both."

Neither Heine nor Börne is regarded by Francke as an intellectual leader, because neither has added to the store of modern culture a single original thought or a single poetic symbol of the highest life. Their strength, he contends, was consumed in negation, their mission was fulfilled in fighting the principles of the Holy Alliance, in helping to break down the absolutism of Metternich and in making room again for the ideas which had led to the national revival of 1813.

Of all the accusations against Heine, Francke regards the assertion that he had no heart for Germany, as the most unjust. He finds a note of deep-felt sadness and longing, homesickness and isolation in the lines on Germany:

Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland  
Der Eichenbaum  
Wuchs dort so hoch, die Veilchen nickten sanft  
Es war ein Traum.  
Das küsste mich auf deutsch und sprach auf deutsch  
(Man glaubt es kaum  
Wie gut es Klang) das Wort: "Ich liebe dich!"  
Es war ein Traum."

Heine's Pantheism,—the emancipation of the flesh, Francke considers as a new form of that ideal of free humanity toward which all German culture from Luther to Goethe had tended. On this point Francke says: "It is one of Heine's lasting achievements to have brought out, in those much-abused and much-appropriated essays, "On the History of German Religion and Philosophy, this inner continuity of the intellectual development of modern Europe."

The fatal defect and barrenness of Heine's life, he declares to be his failure to place his genius in the service of the ideals of existence of which he had spoken so fervently, and his abjur-

ing Judaism and adopting the outward form of a creed which he inwardly despised. Consequently he believes Heine to have been religiously, politically and even artistically a renegade.

Francke considers Heine an unworthy disciple of Goethe, because Goethe remained faithful to the modern ideal of humanity and his very doubt was at bottom constructive and reverent, whereas Heine denounced this ideal; his very belief being negative and frivolous. After finding the stability, seriousness and trust in the goodness of human nature lacking, he concludes as follows: "As to his art, nothing could be more significant for Heine's character than that this greatest lyric genius since Goethe should have produced hardly a single poem which fathoms the depths of life. This master in the art of poetic hypnotizing hardly ever sets free our higher self. This brilliant painter of nature, who with a few careless touches charms a whole landscape before our eyes, who is as much at home on the lonely downs of the North Sea as in the mountain wildernesses of the Pyrenees, hardly ever allows us a glimpse into the mysterious brooding and moving of nature's creative forces. This accomplished connoisseur of the human heart, this expert of human desires, hardly ever reveals the secret of true love. This philosophic apostle of a complete and harmonious humanity revels as a poet in exposing his own unharmonious, fickle, scoffing, petulant self. . . . Is it too much to say that of all the writers of his time Heine is the saddest example of the intellectual degeneration wrought by the political principles of the age of the Restoration?"

WILLIAM T. BRANTLY.<sup>54</sup>

This article is a review of American translations of the prose writings of Heine. Brantly is of the opinion that as a great lyric poet, Heine's fame is secure, and that his place is indubitably with the immortals. Heine, he feels sure, possesses every merit that a prose writer should have—precision, balance, wit, humor, pathos, learning, originality, and above all, a style of limpid clearness and sovereign charm. In all Heine's

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<sup>54</sup> *Conservative Review*, Vol. I, 1899, pp. 60-73.

twelve volumes of prose, Mr. Brantly does not find a dull line. As a critic of literature and philosophy, he thinks, Heine displays extraordinary acumen and learning. Intellectually and physically he regards Heine as a mixture of Apollo and Mephistopheles sometimes wholly an Apollo, sometimes wholly a scoffing, sneering, witty Mephistopheles and very often both at the same time. Mr. Brantly considers the reckless abuse of persons as one of the most astounding things in Heine's prose, and concludes: "Heine's work in its totality is like a vast building containing within its circumference every variety of architecture—a solemn Gothic nave leading the spirit heavenward, a gorgeous Renaissance palace, full of the lust of the flesh, of the lust of the eye and the pride of life; a pagan temple of Aphrodite,—an abode of love and beauty."

W. A. R. KERR.<sup>55</sup>

The reason why Heine is the greatest favorite among the foreign poets with English readers, Mr. Kerr thinks, is because he is at once as sentimental as Orlando and as cynical as Jaques and possesses infinite variety. Heine's fame, he thinks, rests upon his strange mingling of sentiment and cynicism. Of Heine's sea-poetry Mr. Kerr says: "He struck an almost untouched chord in German song. Till then the mystery, the ceaseless change, the subtle suggestiveness of the ocean, had been unnoticed in Germany."

The work that Heine produced during his years of suffering, Mr. Kerr finds tainted by an increasing cynicism, a growing recklessness and a regrettable tendency to coarseness.

LILIAN WHITING.<sup>56</sup>

The singular richness in beauty and melody of Heine's songs are duly appreciated by this poetess, and she has given us some fine translations of Heine's lyrics. The Song of Heine's *Pine and Palm* (*Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*) she regards as

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<sup>55</sup> *Canadian Magazine*, Vol. 15, 1900, p. 35 f.

<sup>56</sup> *The World Beautiful in Books*, by Lilian Whiting. Boston, 1901.

a wonderful example of a picture poem. Of her work as a translator of Heine's verse we shall speak in a subsequent section.

CALVIN THOMAS.<sup>57</sup>

Heine's much reviled emancipation of the flesh, Professor Thomas finds also in the early works of Schiller and he suggests that here is an opportunity for malicious criticism to assert itself. In speaking of Schiller's erotic verses addressed to Laura, Thomas says: "We miss in them altogether the captivating simplicity which the young Goethe and later the young Heine caught from the songs of the people."

JOHN FIRMAN COAR.<sup>58</sup>

"As I was born to heap eternal ridicule on all that is worthless, gone to seed, absurd, false, and farcical, so it is but a trait of my nature to feel that which is sublime, to admire that which is majestic and to glorify that which has life."

In these words of Heine, Coar finds the keynote to his character as a man and poet. He regards as wrong the view that Heine was destructive out of mere love of destruction. The inconsistencies of all Heine did and wrote, Coar believes, find their ultimate unity in the consistency of his democracy.

Speaking of the *Reisebilder* and *Buch der Lieder*, Coar says: "Intensely subjective these works certainly were, but their intense subjectivity was objectively conceived. It is evident that the poetic consciousness from which they emanated was saturated with the restless, troubled craving of contemporary life, not as the negation of his personal desires, but as the negation of its own social ideals, and this fact gave to his poetry a quality not to be found in the poetry of isolation. In his poetic subjectivity was reflected the contrasts of an objective reality. They were the contrasts that the contemporaries felt, and that he too,

<sup>57</sup> *The Life and Works of Schiller*, by Calvin Thomas. New York, 1901, p. 20.

<sup>58</sup> *Studies in German Literature in the Nineteenth Century*, by J. F. Coar. New York, 1903, pp. 160-192.



as a child of his day, felt, though he felt them more keenly. These his poetic imagination laid hold of and fashioned into forms poetic."

Coar believes that Heine overstepped the bounds of decency in attacking Platen and Börne. Highly creditable he finds Heine's devotion to his wife and affection for his mother. The *Romanzero* he pronounces to be in many respects the noblest work of Heine's poetic pen, the three books, *Histories*, *Lamentations* and *Hebraic Melodies* comprising the great lyric trilogy of his life. Mr. Coar condemns severely Heine's gibes and flippant grossness. The poetical life of Heine is divided by Mr. Coar into five phases of growth. In the first the personal element predominates, and the result is his songs of love. In the second phase Heine observed objective life through the medium of his emotions and subjective world sorrow came to the surface, characterized also by the retention of the poetic dream-land as a refuge from the discordant reality. In the sea poetry his enlarged conception of nature modified the poetic activity of Heine and his poetry entered on a third phase. The most significant feature of this change was the attempt to measure human life not by the standards of personal volition, but by the standards of a great natural phenomenon. Heine's exile brought to fruition the theme of liberty and he passed through the fourth phase. In the *Romanzero* we see the poet in the last phase of his activity. The fight for freedom, Coar insists, made Heine a theoretical democrat, though it deprived him of the power to conceive the poetic vision of democracy. About Heine's democracy Coar writes: "His civic democracy could express itself in poetry only through negation of political forms, and his religious democracy only through accentuation of the sensual element of life."

This Mr. Coar declares was the tragedy of Heine's last days, the failure of his life. *The Book of Songs*, Coar says, "came like gusts of refreshing wind, so unconventional and sprightly was the treatment of their themes and so close to the hearts of men these themes themselves."

ROBERT W. DEERING.<sup>59</sup>

Professor Deering recognizes in Heine the keenest satirist, and after Goethe, the most graceful, gifted poet of the century,—the best embodiment of his restless, discontented age, and one of the most important, though unwholesome, influences in modern German literature. He repeats Matthew Arnold's view of Heine as a splendid genius gone adrift for lack of moral balance. Of the *Book of Songs*, Deering says: "It will preserve Heine's memory to posterity. It contains some of the choicest gems of lyric poetry in German or any other literature. No mere words can describe the deep feeling, the noblest sentiment, the tender pathos, the haunting melancholy, the exquisite imagery, the perfect rhythm, of many of these songs."

But the sweet harmony of these chords, Deering finds, is often broken by the jangling discord of Heine's frenzied bitterness; his mingling of the holiest sentiment with a mocking cynicism, and a bestial sensuality. Acknowledging the *Reisebilder* to be the most remarkable travels ever written, Deering continues: "They offer us the most amazing bizarre collection of sparkling wit, rollicking humor, cutting criticism, tender pathos, venomous satire, downright vulgarity, that was ever printed."

The colossal egotism of the *Reisebilder* Deering considers the best commentary on Heine's character and genius. Behind all his cynical abuse the writer finds in Heine a latent love of the old home, an unfailing affection for his mother, and these he calls Heine's redeeming traits. He thinks that Heine was too unstable or volatile to be a real thinker about anything; his opinions are too subjective to be reliable; they are founded on personal pique and prejudice rather than on facts. That Heine was a liberator of thought and leader of men, Deering denies because he thinks Heine was not the master of great ideas, but the slave of great passions. As a critic, he regards Heine as negative,—tearing down, never building up. Of Heine's wit he says: "It is a lightning bolt,—brilliant but blasting."

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<sup>59</sup> *The Chautauquan*, Vol. XXXV, 1902, pp. 271, 280.

RICHARD HOCHDOERFER.<sup>60</sup>

Of Heine's prose work Professor Hochdoerfer is inclined to regard the inimitable *Harzreise* as the finest example. In spite of the fine satire and brilliancy of *Atta Troll* and *Deutschland* he cannot consider them as German classics, because, in these poems as in the controversial writings against Count Platen and Börne, he finds the brilliant and fearless wit impaired by a certain mannerism and recklessness foreign to Heine's earlier muse. Mr. Hochdoerfer thinks that the poems Heine wrote during his last years are among his best,—not less entitled to immortality than those incorporated in the *Buch der Lieder*.

He feels confident in calling the *Book of Songs* one of the world's classics; yet the spirit of mockery and vulgarity breaking forth in the closing lines of a poem, he thinks, mars its beauty as "a hideous sore or vulgar line disfigures an otherwise perfect face." Hochdoerfer calls *Ratcliffe* and *Almansar* poems in dramatic form without any of the qualities fitting for stage representation. The poems of the *North Sea Cycle* he takes to be Heine's most peculiar and incomparable contribution to German literature. The *Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*, Hochdoerfer considers a master-stroke of Heine's genius, and sure of a place among the best German ballads. Concerning the *Book of Songs*, he says: "In the *Book of Songs* Heine has erected to himself a monument which will stand the test of time and make invective powerless. Friend and foe must concede that the sentiment to which these songs give utterance has never found a more beautiful body. No folksongs have achieved greater popularity. He played the harp of love, he played on the strings of the human soul with such perfect mastery that all people capable of passion and emotion listen with love and laughter, with trembling and tears."

ANNA ALICE CHAPIN.<sup>61</sup>

Of all the descriptions of the *Marseillaise* ever written, Miss Chapin thinks there in none so fine as that of Heine. In regard

<sup>60</sup> *Introductory Studies in German Literature*, by Richard Hochdoerfer. Chautauqua, N. Y., 1904, pp. 189-216.

<sup>61</sup> *Makers of Song*, by A. A. Chapin. New York, p. 331.

to this she writes: "His sensitive appreciation seized upon the vivid qualities of the great song, and inspired him with images and phrases such as he only knew how to combine."

Heine's style she considers inimitable and his prose the purest extant.

E. S. MEYER.<sup>62</sup>

In criticising two new Heine Portraits Mr. Meyer says of the first: "This is undoubtedly from the poet's young manhood, from his warm, full, voluptuous throbbing spring of love and song. It is a face of feeling rather than of thought; it appeals rather to the heart than to the mind. Heine at this age was all feeling; to him now the emotion of the moment was the real truth of life and its artistic expression an absolute necessity. The subjective impressions of the flying hours, so intensely absorbed, left no time for thought. All was emotion, a passionate longing for fuller, larger perfect feeling. The portrait is not good and yet it presents almost our ideal of a lyric poet, young, tender, strong, passionate, but full of sadness and longing. This is the German poet, the Heine of the *Buch der Lieder*, the exquisite expression of youth's passionate certainty that life is nothing but love, love with its glorious rapture of possession and its fearful void of loss."

The second portrait represents Heine twenty years later, still in full possession of his great intellectual power, but the face looks cold, cynical, almost embittered. Commenting on this change Meyer remarks: "Thirty years' desecration of, and consequent supposed disillusion in, all he once cherished most,—life, love, religion, fatherland—are indelibly stamped upon this countenance. He has drunk so greedily the precious wine of life that now there are bitter dregs in every draught."

JOSEPH JACOBS.<sup>63</sup>

In his biographical sketch Mr. Jacobs treats of Heine in his relation to Judaism. He seeks to find the reason why Heine did not devote his great powers to the services of his race and re-

<sup>62</sup> *Critic*, Vol. 44, p. 234 f.

<sup>63</sup> *Jewish Encyclopaedia*, Vol. VI, pp. 327-334.

ligion, in his earlier training and environment. Except for the few years at Berlin, Heine did not come under any specifically Jewish influences of a spiritual kind; yet Mr. Jacobs thinks that this Berlin influence was deep enough to stamp Heine's work with a Jewish note throughout his life. Heine's wit and pathos, Mr. Jacobs maintains, are essentially Jewish.

WILLIAM V. BYERS.<sup>64</sup>

After Horace, Mr. Byers declares, Heine has had no superior as a master of lyrical expression. Among moderns, he thinks, Burns alone compares with Heine and even Burns himself, though greater as a poet, is his inferior as a musician. Although Heine was one of the greatest of wits as well as the greatest musician of his age, Mr. Byers does not rank him as a great poet, because a great poet must be a great thinker, whereas Heine was only the poet of the *Weltschmerz*.

Heine's *Reisebilder*, he believes, might have kept his name alive had he never written the *Lieder*.

In the essays and songs Mr. Byers finds much that is abnormal and diseased, but little that is commonplace and nothing that is merely silly. At the worst he considers Heine diabolical, but this diabolism is that of a great soul cast down but not lost.

RICHARD BURTON.<sup>65</sup>

Judging by quality, Professor Burton places Heine with the few great poets and literary men of Germany. Heine's lyrics, he thinks, have not been surpassed in Germany, and rank with the masterpieces of their kind in world literature. As a prose writer he finds Heine had extraordinary brilliancy, vigor of thought and grace of form, and as a thinker he regards him as one of the pioneers of modern ideas in our country. What Burton regards as reprehensible is that Heine is at times sensual, ribald and blasphemous. He does not consider Heine an admirable character.

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<sup>64</sup> *The World's Best Essays*, edited by D. G. Bremer. St. Louis, Mo. Vol. VI, p. 2153 f.

<sup>65</sup> *Library of the World's Best Literature*, edited by C. D. Warner. New York. Vol. XII, pp. 7185-7220.

Goethe and Heine he names as the chief exponents of German lyric poetry and in this respect he thinks Heine is incomparable. Of their relative merits he says: "Nor in lyric expression need Heine yield to Goethe. Some of Heine's lyrics are among the precious bits of poetry which the world has taken forever to its heart,—their haunting perfection, their magic of diction, and witchery of music are delicious."

The exquisite deep romanticism of the lyrics, Burton finds, is sometimes rudely broken by Heine's own sneering laugh. As a prose writer he regards the *Reisebilder* as his finest example and says: "These gay, audacious, charming, bitter travel sketches,—these phantasy sketches are of very unequal merit, ranging from the exquisite lyric work of the opening section and the delightful narrative of the experiences in the Harz Mountains to the sparkling indecencies of the division dealing with Italy, and the more labored argument and satire of the English fragments.

"Of the *Reisebilder* as a whole the inspiration grows steadily less in the successive parts. The style is of unprecedented vigor and brilliancy."

To say a wise, keen thing in a light way, to say it directly, yet with grace, Burton realizes, calls for a beautiful talent; but to accomplish this in and with the German language, he thinks, is a double triumph for Heine. Although he recognizes in Heine a thinker, a force in the development of modern ideas,—the ideas of liberty in its various applications, yet Burton thinks that Matthew Arnold has exaggerated this influence in his remarkable essay on *Heine* and goes too far in declaring him the "most important German successor and continuator of Goethe in Goethe's most important line of activity, that of a soldier in the war of liberation of humanity." Nevertheless, Burton admits that Matthew Arnold's estimate hits nearer the mark than the misappreciations of too many critics of his own country. Heine's mission, as an individualist and iconoclast, he finds was to satirize with trenchant power existing abuses.

In Heine's sentiment Burton finds much of the morbid and in this respect he calls him decadent, that is unwholesome, ex-

travagant and bestial. But intellectually, he feels sure, Heine saw clearly and he was at bottom sane.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.<sup>66</sup>

Among the books which first awakened his literary enthusiasm, and created in him a zeal for German literature, Colonel Higginson mentions Heine's *Romantische Schule* translated by G. W. Haven (Boston, 1836). Speaking of some favorite passages in this book Higginson says: "I fear that my boyish copy of Heine opens of itself at the immortal compliment given by the violin player Solomons to George III of England, then his pupil: 'Violin players are divided into three classes: to the first class belong those who cannot play at all; to the second class belong those who play very miserably; and to the third, those who play finely; Your Majesty has already elevated yourself to the rank of the second class.' Tried by such a classification, Heine certainly ranks in the third class, not the second."

Higginson thinks it strange that of the two German authors who bid fair to live longest on the road to immortality, the one, Goethe, should be the most absolutely German among them all, while Heine died in heart, as in residence, a Frenchman.

Should we require additional evidence of Colonel Higginson's high estimate of Heine we may find it in the numerous witticisms quoted from Heine to adorn and enliven Higginson's various prose writings.

WALT WHITMAN.

Dr. Riethmueller<sup>67</sup> in his investigation was not fortunate enough to be able to consult Mr. Traubel's<sup>68</sup> recent publication and consequently could not ascertain Whitman's estimate of Heine. One citation<sup>67</sup> sounded depreciative: "For American literature we want mighty authors, not even Carlyle and Heine—like, born and brought up in (and more or less essentially par-

<sup>66</sup> *Part of a Man's Life*, by T. W. Higginson. Boston and New York, 1905, p. 165 f.

<sup>67</sup> *Walt Whitman and the Germans*, by Richard Riethmueller. Philadelphia, 1906, p. 25.

<sup>68</sup> *With Walt Whitman in Camden*, by Horace Traubel. Boston, 1906.

taking and giving out) the vast abnormal ward or hysterical sick chamber which in many respects Europe, with all its glories, would seem to be."

But Traubel's book has supplied the necessary light. On page 98 <sup>68</sup> he reports Whitman (May 3, 1888), while speaking of his *Leaves of Grass* and their alleged indecency, as saying in these words: "But all this fear of indecency; all this noise about purity and sex and all the social order and the Comstockism particular and general is nasty—too nasty to make any compromise with. I never come up against it but I think of what Heine said to a woman who had expressed to him some suspicion about the body. 'Madam,' said Heine, 'are not all naked under our clothes?' I have not yet succeeded in getting the waist-coat out of customs . . ."

Traubel tells us that Whitman (May 5, 1888) had been reading Heine again—the *Reisebilder*, concerning which he said: "I have the book here; it is good to read at any time—Heine is good for almost any one of my moods. And that reminds me: the best thing Arnold ever did was his essay on Heine; that is the one thing of Arnold's that I unqualifiedly like."

On May 27, 1888, Whitman asked Traubel how his father was and then said: "Your father is a great man. He was here the other day; . . . spouted German poetry to me,—Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Lessing. I couldn't understand a word, but I could understand everything else. . . . There he was spouting away in a language strange to me—yet very much of it seemed as plain as if it was English."

However, the most significant passage for us is given by Traubel on page 461. Whitman had been looking over Arnold's essay on Heine again and said: "I would read it if I was you, Horace. It's the only thing from Arnold that I have read with zest. Heine! Oh, how great! The more you stop to look, to examine, the deeper seem the roots; the broader and higher the umbrage. And Heine was free—was one of the men who win by degrees. He was the master of a pregnant sarcasm: he brought down a hundred humbuggeries if he brought down two. At times he plays with you with a deliberate, baffling sportiveness."



## HEINE'S AMERICAN TRANSLATORS.

## INTRODUCTION.

Although the number of American translators of Heine's works is amazingly large, yet we must remember that there were other means by which Americans unable to read German could become acquainted with him. The English magazines, which had a large circulation here, continued to publish criticisms and translations from which many American literary men first learned to appreciate the genius of Heine. Many of these articles were reprinted in the *Living Age*. Complete translations of Heine's poems by E. A. Bowring and others appeared in England as early as 1858, and, being reprinted in *Bohn's Library*, served to augment the number of American translations. Later Heine's *Book of Songs*, compiled from the translations of E. A. Bowring and Theodore Martin, appeared in New York, and specimens of these and other English metrical translations from Heine were reprinted in America in such selections as the *University of Literature*, and the *Library of World's Best Literature*, as well as in Longfellow's *Poems of Places and Poetry of Europe*. Other English translations from Heine, such as those of Snodgrass, Egan, Wallis, Storr, Ellis, Sharp and Kate Freiligrath-Kroeker also had large sales in this country, thus attesting the astonishing demand in America for translations from Heine.

The first collection of the works of Heine in seven volumes was published in Philadelphia in 1857-59. As early as 1855, a translation of the *Reisebilder* by Leland appeared in Philadelphia. That Heine himself was gratified by Leland's translation of the *Reisebilder* is obvious from the following extract from a letter to Mr. Calmann Levy: "A piece of good news that I forgot to communicate to you the other day. An English translation of the *Reisebilder* which has appeared in New York (Philadelphia;

none ever appeared in New York) has met with an enormous success, according to a correspondence in the *Augsburger Zeitung* (which does not love me enough to invent successes for me). Henri Heine, Paris, Wednesday, October 4, 1855."

In our long list of American interpreters of Heine we shall find many famous names and not a few obscure ones. Considering the difficulty of the task, we need not be surprised to find that so many have given us poor renderings. In some cases it is exasperating to see what a miserable appearance the exquisite lyrics of Heine present after mutilation by clumsy and unskilled hands. But we must not condemn too severely, and it is beyond the scope of this treatise to enter into details concerning the innumerable inelegancies and inaccuracies in the various translations. If the translator adheres strictly and pedantically merely to the form of the original, his translation loses the wonderful unlabored simplicity, and we get an awkward, insipid metrical copy. Those who concern themselves with the idea, and not with the form, obtain results equally disappointing. That the task of successful and felicitous translation is not an impossible one, will be obvious from the specimens which we shall quote later. If the translator succeeds in preserving the spirit and tone of the original, so that the translated copy arouses the understanding and emotions of the foreigner, we may consider him successful.

Yet the best translation takes much of the soul out of poetry like Heine's; though the form and features of the original are preserved, its very breath of life is gone—it is like a corpse, whose cheeks do not glow, whose eyes do not dream or flash or sparkle, whose heart does not thrill or throb with feeling, it is pale and still and cold.

In this section we shall treat briefly, in chronological order as far as possible of the various translations from Heine's works which have appeared in America, our aim being rather to give a complete view of the field without entering into wearisome details.

G. W. HAVEN.

"*Letters Auxiliary to the History of Modern Polite Literature in Germany*, by Heinrich Heine, translated from the German by G. W. Haven. Boston, 1836." We cannot overestimate the significance and influence of Haven's translation; it served to introduce American readers to the treasures and beauties of German literature and established the fame and popularity of Heine in America. Immediately after its publication, a lengthy review of Heine's work appeared in the *North American Review*. This translation really became a text book on German literature, and was one of the few books that created an enthusiasm for German literature in this country. Longfellow incorporated Heine's criticism on Goethe and the *Niebelungen* and *Des Knabenwunderhorn* in *Hyperion* and *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*.

The substance of the *Letters Auxiliary* formed originally a part of a larger work written and published in French with the title *Sur l'Allemagne*, and Heine, having reason to expect a translation into German, executed the work himself. From fear of the censorship and from a due regard to the feelings of his countrymen, he omitted not only the political, but also the most offensive portions of the theological and philosophical parts. This modified work is the original of Haven's translation.

To the great merits of Haven's translation the reviewers have given us sufficient testimony and assurance. His is, indeed, a translation, not only of the letter, but of the spirit also. One reviewer expressed his admiration of Haven's talent as a translator in a convincing manner, and requested him to pursue his career and gratify the American public with many similar proofs of his acquirements and ability.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

The winter of 1836, spent by Longfellow in Germany, appears to have been the time when most of his translations from the German were made. Translating played an important part in the development of Longfellow's powers. He found an

outlet for his metrical thought and emotion in the translation of lyrics. This was a pleasant avocation for him and to the end of his life he found an ever grateful occupation in recasting the foreign thought of other men in moulds of his own. His appreciation of European literary art was the occasion for a fineness of literary expression quite beyond his earlier independent efforts. He found, in translating, a gentle stimulus to his poetic faculties, and reverted to it when wishing to quicken his spirit. "I agree with you entirely," he writes to Freiligrath, November 24, 1843, "in what you say about translations. It is like running a ploughshare through the soil of one's mind; a thousand germs of thought start up, which otherwise might have lain and rotted in the ground."

There were two special incentives to his translating. In 1843 he undertook the preparation of the *Poets and Poetry of Europe* and in 1874 he began the collection known as *Poems of Places*. In preparing his academic lectures and the critical papers, which he contributed to the periodicals, he found occasion to introduce a number of translations.

In *Hyperion* (1839) when speaking of Goethe and Menzel, Longfellow introduced Heine's view of Goethe, translated from *Die Romantische Schule*. Longfellow's paper on Heine appeared in *Graham's Magazine* in 1842. To illustrate his criticism he translated in this article the following excerpts from the *Reisebilder*: (1) Tour to the Harz Mountains (Scene on the Brocken, *Reisebilder*, Vol. 1), (2) Street Musicians (*Reisebilder*, Vol. 3).

The only metrical translation, which Longfellow published from Heine appeared in *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems* (1846) with the title *The Sea Hath Its Pearls*, comprising the first three verses of the longer poem with the title *Nachts in der Cajüte*, which forms a portion of Heine's *Die Nordsee* in his *Reisebilder*. This translation has a quality distinctively Longfellow's while still a faithful rescript of the original. But he has not succeeded, in this translation, in rendering the rhythm of the original. This is evident by a comparison of the translation with the original (Elster, I, 171).

*Nachts in der Kajüte.*

Das Meer hat seine Perlen,  
 Der Himmel hat seine Sterne,  
 Aber mein Herz, mein Herz,  
 Mein Herz hat seine Liebe.  
 Gross ist das Meer und der Himmel,  
 Doch grösser ist mein Herz,  
 Und schöner als Perlen und Sterne,  
 Leuchtet und strahlt meine Liebe.  
 Du kleines, junges Mädchen,  
 Komm an mein grosses Herz;  
 Mein Herz und das Meer und der Himmel  
 Vergehen vor lauter Liebe."

"The sea hath its pearls,  
 The heaven hath its stars;  
 But my heart, my heart,  
 My heart hath its love.  
 "Great are the sea and the heaven,  
 Yet greater is my heart;  
 And fairer than pearls and stars  
 Flashes and beams my love.  
 "Thou little, youthful maiden,  
 Come unto my great heart;  
 My heart, and the sea, and the heaven  
 Are melting away with love."

SARAH AUSTIN.

Sarah Austin's translations of selections from Heine's prose are to be found in her *Fragments from German Prose Writers* (New York, 1841). On pages 60-63 we have *The Hartz-Miners* from the *Reisebilder*, and on pages 152-154 *The Hartz* also from the *Reisebilder*. The book also contains a brief biographical and critical sketch of Heine. Whatever she translated from Heine is certainly well done, and she managed to select such passages as well illustrate the artistical merit of Heine's prose style.

W. H. HURLBUT.

In his critique on Heine in the *North American Review* (Vol. LXIX, 1849, pp. 216-249), Hurlbut incorporated ex-

tracts from the *Reisebilder* which he translated to illustrate the charms of Heine's style. Besides these quotations the review also contained the following metrical translations of Heine's poems. *Wir sassen am Fischerhause*,<sup>69</sup> *Ich bin die Prinzessin Ilse* (Elster, I, 159), *Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar* (Elster, I, 146), *Du schönes Fischermädchen, Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*. These translations adhere very closely to the original rhythm and yet the melody is lost to a considerable extent. If they have but few other merits, Hurlbut's versions are at least faithful in reproducing the spirit and tone of Heine's lyrics. These translations were evidently considered excellent for we find Longfellow and others frequently quoting them. As a specimen of Hurlbut's ability as a translator let us take the familiar lyric, *Du schönes Fischermädchen*, rendered by him as follows:

Thou charming fisher maiden,  
Come push thy boat to land,  
And sitting here beside me,  
Talk with me, hand in hand.  
On my heart thy young head lay,  
Oh! trust thyself to me;  
Thou day by day confidest  
Thyself to the raging sea.  
And like that sea my heart is,  
With storms and ebb and flow,  
And richest pearls too, sleeping  
In silent depths below.

Perhaps in many respects a more meritorious translation is his rendering of the inimitable *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*:

A lonely fir-tree standeth  
On a chilly Northern height.  
The snow and the ice while it sleepeth,  
Weave round it a garment white.  
It dreameth of a palm tree,  
That far in the Eastern land,  
Alone and silent mourneth  
On its plain of burning sand.

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<sup>69</sup> *Heinrich Heine's Sämtliche Werke*, von Ernst Elster, Leipzig.

## ALFRED BASKERVILLE.

As early as 1854 Baskerville had published his *Poetry of Germany* in Philadelphia. It consisted of selections from upwards of seventy of the most celebrated poets, translated into English verse, with the original text on the opposite page. This book had a large sale and a fifth edition appeared in 1866. It is dedicated to the memory of his wife, of whose valuable assistance the translator was deprived by death, during the progress of the translation. This volume presents to the English reader a tolerably complete outline of modern German poetry, giving the most popular pieces of the most celebrated poets. The selection begins with Hartmann von der Aue, Wolfram von Eschenbach, Walter von der Vogelweide and Gottfried von Strassburg. The poets are arranged according to priority of birth. The selections are confined to lyrical poems. The original text has been placed on the opposite page and in many cases this acts as a mirror, and reflects with increased vividness the defects of the translations. In every case the metre of the original has been adhered to even to the ancient hexameter and pentameter. Baskerville endeavored to infuse the spirit of the original into his translations, and yet he usually renders the German literally. We can doubtless find, in these translations, sufficient cause for blame, without cavilling at occasional imperfections in the rhymes, but we must be lenient and take into consideration the difficulty of the task. From Heine, Baskerville translates the following: *Die Grenadiere, Lorelei, Habe mich mit Liebesreden, Und wüssten's die Blumen die Kleinen, Warum sind denn die Rosen so blass, Liebste, sollst mir heute sagen, Du schönes Fischermädchen, Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus, Ich stand gelehnt an den Mast, Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder, Ich rief den Teufel und er kam.* Of these, Baskerville comes nearest to perfection in his translation of *Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus*.

The sea in the glow of departing eve  
Far, far in the distance shone;  
We sat by the fisherman's lonely cot,  
In silence we sat and alone.

The mists arose, and the waters swelled,  
 The sea-gull flew to and fro;  
 And from thine eyes, as they beamed with love,  
 I saw the tear-drops flow.  
 I saw them falling upon thy hand,  
 Then on my knee I sank;  
 And from thy little lily hand  
 The burning tears I drank.  
 E'er since that hour, I've pined away,  
 My soul with longing dies;  
 That wretched maiden has poisoned me  
 With the venom of her bright eyes.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

In *Graham's Magazine*, Volume XLVII, 1855, page 429, we find the following translation from Heine:

*A Fragment: Wenn ich in deine Augen sehe.*

"As within thine eyes I look,  
 All my pain the heart forsook,  
 When my lips with thine are sealed,  
 All the wounds of life are healed.

On thy heart when I recline,  
 Heaven's happiness is mine;  
 When thou say'st I love but thee—  
 Bitter tears fall fast and free.

This translation is too free, in fact, almost a paraphrase. In order to get his rhyme the translator has spoiled the effect by shifting from the present tense (line 1) to the past tense (line 2).

The epigram translated from Heine in *Graham's Magazine*, Volume XLVIII, 1856, page 326, fails to render the rhythm of the original:

*Wir fuhren allein im dunkeln.*

All night alone we journeyed on,  
 In a carriage close together;  
 We laughed and talked right joyously,  
 In spite of wind and weather.



But when first broke the morning's light,  
Judge of our fright, my child!  
Between us sat a blind-eyed boy  
T'was love with aspect mild.

## CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

Charles Godfrey Leland was a man of many accomplishments. A Philadelphian by birth, he commanded a Pennsylvania Battery in the Civil War. It was a humorous ballad, *Hans Breitmann's Barty* that made him famous. He was the author of nearly a hundred books, covering many varieties of literature. His translation of Heine has the reputation of being the finest in the English language, though he was not always successful in interpreting the German poet's verse. That was better done by the poetess, Emma Lazarus.

While employed on the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, Leland translated Heine's *Reisebilder* (*Pictures of Travel*). For it, poetry included, he was to receive three shillings a page. Even this was never paid in full; he was obliged to take part of the money in engravings and books and the publisher failed. It passed into other hands, and many thousands of copies were sold; from all of which he, of course, got nothing. This translation of the *Reisebilder* appeared in Philadelphia in 1855, and was favorably received by all reviewers. That Heine himself was pleased by it we have already learned from the extract of the letter to Calmann-Levy quoted in the introduction. A fourth edition appeared in Philadelphia in 1863 and a fifth edition in New York in 1866. In all more than ten thousand copies were sold before the new edition of Leland's translation of the *Reisebilder* appeared in London in 1891. When Leland had published his translation of the *Reisebilder* in 1855, Bayard Taylor got a copy of it. Taylor went in company with Thackeray to New York, and told Leland subsequently that they had read the work aloud between them alternately, with roars of laughter, till it was finished; that Thackeray praised the translation to the skies, and that his comments and droll remarks on the text were delightful.

Thackeray was a perfect German scholar, and well informed as to all in the book.

Leland had bestowed much care on cleansing the *Reisebilder* in his translation. The omissions are confined almost entirely to what Heine in later years himself altered or rejected. It is impossible to perfectly transfer the original spirit of Heine's glorified and clarified prose in English. Leland's translation is far from being perfect as regards simplicity of language allied to melody and brilliancy, but Leland did his best to reproduce it.

In 1891, the first volume of Leland's complete translation of Heine's works appeared in London. This volume contained the *Florentine Nights*, *The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopske*, *The Rabbi of Bacharach* and *Shakespeare's Maidens and Women*. Volumes II and III also printed in London in the same year, contained a reprint of Leland's translation of the *Reisebilder*, omitting the poems which appear in the *Buch der Lieder*. In the next year, (1892), Volume IV, the *Salon* appeared in London. Of this edition Volumes V and VI (London, 1892), contained the translation of *Germany*, comprising, *Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, *The Romantic School*, *Elementary Spirits*, *Doctor Faust*, *The Gods in Exile*, and *The Goddess Diana*. The following year (1893), Leland's translation of *French Affairs* appeared in London making up Volumes VII and VIII of the complete edition of Heine's prose. The *Family Life of Heine*, edited by von Embden, was also translated by Leland and published in London in 1893. This volume is a life of Heine, illustrated by one hundred and twenty-two hitherto unpublished letters addressed by Heine to different members of the family. To many, the translations from Heine published by Leland in London were a grievous disappointment, for they expected from him something better. There are many pages in which the original seems to be reproduced with as much fidelity and as much grace as can reasonably be expected in a translation from a writer so difficult as Heine. R. M'Lintock <sup>70</sup> in his review of Leland's translation of the *Florentine Nights*,

<sup>70</sup> *Academy*, Vol. 40, 1891, p. 256 f.

etc. (Vol. I), says: "A better knowledge of German and more care in the writing of English should be shown by Leland. There are readings of the original which must be pronounced utterly indefensible and there are English sentences which come perilously near to being mere nonsense."

Mr. M'Lintock gives some examples of Leland's inaccuracies in translating and thinks that to find such absurd passages in the work of a man already famous is decidedly discouraging. In Volume I, Leland has made some faint efforts to expurgate the text, has omitted half a page in one place, and here and there an odd sentence or two. Heine is inexpurgable, and squeamish people had best have nothing to do with him at all.

In his translation of the *French Affairs*, Leland has carefully studied and compared the different texts, French and German, and has omitted not a passage, or even a shade of thought of any value in either. This greatly increased the labor and the difficulty of the task.

Reviewing Leland's translation of *Florentine Nights* (Vol. I), Mr. N. S. Simonds<sup>71</sup> writes: "Mr. Leland gives in this volume an excellent translation of Heine's prose. If it be said in criticism that Mr. Leland has occasionally coined a stiff and unnatural phrase to fit the German idiom, it may be replied that such slips are the fate of translators generally. Less excusable is the intrusion of too frequent footnotes which repeatedly encumber rather than illuminate the page."

In his review<sup>72</sup> of the prose writings of Heine, W. T. Brantly criticises Leland's translation as follows: "In Leland's translation the felicity and flavor of the original is lost, but it is no disparagement to Leland's admirable rendition to say that he has not achieved the impossible." Mr. W. D. Howells<sup>73</sup> considers Leland's version of Heine a great achievement, although he disapproves of Leland's commenting the text with excuses, explanations and reproaches and sometimes condemnations outright. But Howells does justice to the fact that the translator

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<sup>71</sup> *The Dial* (Chicago), Vol. 12, pp. 213-215.

<sup>72</sup> *Conservative Review*, Vol. I, 1899, pp. 60-73.

<sup>73</sup> *Harper's Magazine*, Vol. 107, 1903, pp. 480-483.

has rendered the original with a conscience which has spared no pains in comparing the French texts with the German texts in which Heine sometimes wrote the original simultaneously or alternately. Of the translation as a whole Howells says: "The work done is one which a literary man of Leland's distinct talent might well be content to have for his final work, though all would be sorry to have the Hans Breitmann Ballads forgotten in it."

Even the friendliest critic does not pretend that Leland's version is of an even texture. They are all sensible of a certain heaviness in it which cannot truly render the original, and of certain attempted analogues in American and English parlance which are not quite responsive to the student slang of the French and German. And yet in spite of all the inaccuracies, inelegancies, and shortcomings of Leland's translation, no one can examine it without recognizing the fidelity and the painstaking fulness with which the original has been followed and reported. Leland also translated Heine's *Buch der Lieder* and it appeared in Philadelphia in 1864. A third edition was published in New York in 1868. Most of these songs had already been published by Leland in his translation of the *Reisebilder* in 1855. He now restored them to their original metres.

A man of varied cultivation and genial temperament, of an ardent appreciation of his author, Leland certainly brought eminent qualifications to his labor of love. He has fairly justified the expectations of those who augured most highly of his success from their knowledge of his fitness. Yet we must assent to the axiom of Cervantes, that no translation of poetry can be made without sensible loss of that indefinable aroma which characterizes the writing of masters in their own language. Nevertheless Leland's versions are generally faithful, easy and elegant, conveying with curious nicety, the tone as well as the meaning of the original.

The only poem in this volume in which Leland has departed from the original metre is *Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus*.<sup>74</sup> If

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<sup>74</sup> Elster, I, 102 (Heimkehr).

we remember that a great proportion of words which are monosyllables in English are two or three syllables in German, a peculiarity which renders literal translation into the same metre as the original, and into the same number of words almost impossible, we will be inclined to forgive Leland for giving us some free renderings and paraphrases instead of translations. As an example of some of Leland's blunders and failures to convey the proper meaning we may take his rendering of the play on words in the last lines of the poem *Sei mir gegrüsst, du Grosse*.<sup>75</sup> Leland translates:

Die Thore jedoch, die liessen  
Mein Liebchen entwischen gar still;  
Ein Thor ist immer willig,  
Wenn eine Thörin will.

as follows:

But the wicket-gate was faithless  
Through which she escaped so still;  
Oh, a wicket is always willing  
To ape when a wicked one will.

To give some idea of Leland's ability as a translator of Heine's lyrics, let us quote the following specimens as illustrating the translator at his best:

*Bergstimme*.<sup>76</sup>

*Ein Reiter durch das Bergthal zieht.*

A rider through the valley passed,  
And sang a mournful stave,—  
“And ride I hence to my true love's arms,  
Or to a gloomy grave?”  
The rocks an echo gave:  
“A gloomy grave!”  
And onward rode the cavalier,  
And still his sighs increase;  
“So I must away to an early grave!  
Well, then—the grave hath peace.”  
The echo would not cease:  
“The grave hath peace.”

<sup>75</sup> Elster, I, 104.

<sup>76</sup> Elster, I, 35.

And from the rider's care-worn cheek  
 A single tear there fell;  
 "And if only the grave has peace for me,  
 Why, then,—in the grave all's well!"  
 The echo gave a knell,—  
 "In the grave all's well!"

*Wir sassen am Fischerhause.*<sup>77</sup>

We sat by the fisher's cottage  
 And looked at the stormy tide:  
 The evening mist came rising,  
 And floating far and wide.

One by one in the lighthouse  
 The lamps shone out on high;  
 And far on the dim horizon  
 A ship went sailing by.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,  
 Of sailors who live on the deep,  
 And how between sky and water  
 And terror and joy they sweep.

We spoke of distant countries,  
 In regions strange and fair,  
 And of the wondrous beings  
 And curious customs there;

Of perfumes and lights on the Ganges,  
 Where trees like giants tower,  
 And of beautiful silent beings  
 Who kneel to the lotus-flower;

Of the wretched dwarfs of Lapland,  
 Broad-headed, wide-mouthed, and small,  
 Who crouch round their oil-fires, cooking,  
 And chatter and scream and bawl.

And the maidens earnestly listened,  
 Till at last we spoke no more:  
 The ship like a shadow had vanished,  
 And darkness fell on the shore.

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<sup>77</sup> Elster, I, 98.

During the progress of his translation of the *Book of Songs*, Leland had access to the various translations from Heine's lyrics, by Baskerville, Furness<sup>78</sup> and Bowring. The influence thus exerted on his translations is clearly discernible and the numerous resemblances and uses of the same tricks in translating, cannot be said to be accidental.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

(Vol. VI, 1855, p. 475 f.)

This fascinating review of Heine's works contains a few specimens of translation that have not been surpassed in some respects. Very few versions have rendered the subtle rhythm of Heine's exquisite lyrics with such spirit and charm. Take for example the translation of the *Lorelei*:

I know not what it presages,  
That I should be saddened so;  
A legend of long passed ages  
Haunts me, and will not go.

Tis cool, and the dusk is growing,  
And quietly flows the Rhine;  
In the sunset's golden glowing  
The peaks of the mountains shine.

Far up in the golden beaming  
Sits the maiden divinely fair;  
The gold in her robes is gleaming,  
She is combing her golden hair.

With a golden comb and glancing  
She is combing her tresses there;  
And she singeth a song entrancing,  
A weird and wonderful air!

The heart of the boatman that hears it  
Grows wild with a passionate love;  
He sees not the rock as he nears it,  
He sees but the siren above!

The waves to their fatal embraces  
Take the boat and the boatman too;  
Such work with her musical graces,  
It pleases the Lorelei to do!

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<sup>78</sup> *Gems from German Verse*, translated by W. H. Furness. Philadelphia, 1860.

This translation possesses many merits not found in others. It is, indeed, a lame attempt to do the immortal poem into English, because it is far from literal. But, whatever fault we may find with the translation, we must acknowledge that it is faithful to the spirit of the original. This was the first version in which the foreboding force of the word "bedeuten," in the first line, was preserved. The gleam of mocking gayety which breaks out in the last verse, has been invariably lost by the translators. The ending of the song indicates Heine's individuality. He seems to throw off the brief mood of romance and returns to skepticism and satire.

The reviewer also gives a translation of some verses written by Heine on the Jewish Hospital at Hamburg. As a keynote to the *Reisebilder*, the reviewer gives the following translations from the *Heimkehr* (Elster, I, 95 f.):

*In mein gar zu dunkles Leben.*<sup>79</sup>

On my life, too dark and gloomy,  
Once there gleamed a vision bright,  
Now that vision bright hath vanished,  
And I stand in utter night.

When a child in lonely darkness  
Feels its terrors on him crowd,  
He, to chase his doubts and horror,  
Shouts some cheerful song aloud.

So a noisy child, I'm singing,  
While in shade and gloom I stray;  
Though my song be not delightful,  
Yet it drives my fears away!"

*Sag, wo ist dein schönes Liebchen.*<sup>80</sup>

Say! where is thy fair beloved,  
Once by thee so sweetly sung,  
When the magic flames of passion  
Through thy spirit flashed and sprung.

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<sup>79</sup> Elster, I, 95.

<sup>80</sup> Elster, I, 134.



Oh! those flames have sunk and faded,  
 And my heart is dull and cold;  
 And this book, an urn funereal,  
 Ashes of my love doth hold!

W. H. FURNESS.

Undoubtedly the best translation into English of Heine's *Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier* is the one made by W. H. Furness, and was first printed in his volume of translations entitled *Gems from German Verse*, Philadelphia, 1860. This excellent translation of the *Two Grenadiers* was subsequently reprinted in the collection of translations entitled *Pearls from Heine* (Philadelphia, 1865). After making some trifling changes, Furness incorporated this translation together with his translation of the *Lorelei* into his volume of *Verses, Translations from the German and Hymns*, which appeared in Boston in 1886. Disregarding the few faulty rhymes, these translations may be regarded as attaining perfection, since they are remarkably faithful to the letter, form and spirit of the original. To make a good translation of the *Two Grenadiers* is extremely difficult, because the rhythm of each line answers exactly to the mood and matter—the mournful iambs, “Der Andre sprach! das Lied ist aus; the fiery anapaests: Dann reitet mein Kaiser wohl über mein Grab”—the wildness of the strophe “Was schert mich Weib, was schert mich Kind,” have been but seldom well rendered by translators.

In his translation of the *Lorelei*, Furness has been successful in conveying the foreboding effect of the word “bedeuten” in the first line, and in reproducing the anti-climax and mocking gayety of the last lines. As an indication of Furness's ability as a translator of German lyrics, we will quote his two translations from Heine:

*Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier'.*

(*The Two Grenadiers.*)

To France were travelling two grenadiers,  
 From prison in Russia returning,  
 And when they came to the German frontiers  
 They hung down their heads in mourning.

There came the heart-breaking news in their ears  
That France was by fortune forsaken;  
Scattered and slain were her brave grenadiers,  
And Napoleon, Napoleon was taken.

Then wept together those two grenadiers,  
O'er their country's departed glory;  
"Woe's me," cried one, in the midst of his tears,  
"My old wound,—how it burns at the story!"

The other said, "The end has come,  
What avails any longer living?  
Yet have I a wife and child at home,  
For an absent father grieving.

"Who cares for wife? Who cares for child?  
Dearer thoughts in my bosom awaken;  
Go beg, wife and child, when with hunger wild,  
For Napoleon, Napoleon is taken!"

"Oh, grant me, brother, my only prayer,  
When death my eyes is closing:  
Take me to France, and bury me there;  
In France be my ashes reposing.

"This cross of the Legion of Honor bright,  
Let it be near my heart, upon me;  
Give me my musket in my hand,  
And gird my sabre on me.

"So will I lie, and arise no more,  
My watch like a sentinel keeping,  
Till I hear the cannon's thundering roar,  
And the squadrons above me sweeping.

"Then the Emperor comes! and his banners wave,  
With their eagles o'er him bending;  
And I will come forth, all in arms, from my grave,  
Napoleon, Napoleon attending!"

*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.*

*(Lorelei.)*

I do not know what it foretelleth  
I am so sad at heart,  
My mind on a legend dwelleth,  
That comes and will not depart.

The air is cool in the twilight,  
And the Rhine flows smoothly on.  
The peaks of the mountains sparkle  
In the glow of the evening sun.

High on yon rock reclineth  
A maiden strangely fair,  
Her golden apparel shineth,  
She combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,  
A song the while sings she;  
All weird and wondrous is it,  
And mighty the melody.

The boatman, as it comes o'er him,  
It seizes with fierce delight;  
He heeds not the rocks before him,  
His gaze is fixed on the height.

I believe in the end that the billows  
O'er the boatman and boat roll high;  
And this with her fearful singing  
Was done by the Lorelei.

CHRISTOPHER P. CRANCH.

This American landscape painter, poet and translator was the son of William Cranch, the eminent jurist, Chief Justice of the Circuit Court for the District of Columbia, 1805-1855. Christopher P. Cranch was born in Virginia in 1813 and died at Cambridge, Mass., in 1892. He entered the ministry, but soon retired to devote himself to art. He published *Poems* (1844), *The Bird and the Bell* (1875), *Ariel and Caliban* (1887), and prose tales for children. Some of his translations are excellent. His translation of Heine's *Lorelei* may be found in the volume entitled *Folk Songs*, edited by J. W. Palmer, New York, 1861. This version is quite literal, but the last strophe is badly rendered. Heine's individuality, so completely preserved in the half smile which plays upon his lips as he ends his song, is lost in Cranch's rendition.

*The Lorelei.*

I know not what it presages,  
This heart with sadness fraught;  
'Tis a tale of the olden ages,  
That will not from my thought.

The air grows cool and darkles;  
The Rhine flows calmly on;  
The mountain summit sparkles  
In the light of the setting sun.

There sits in soft reclining,  
A maiden wondrous fair,  
With golden raiment shining,  
And combing her golden hair.

With a comb of gold she combs it;  
And combing, low singeth she,  
A song of a strange, sweet sadness,  
A wonderful melody.

The sailor shudders, as o'er him  
The strain comes floating by;  
He sees not the cliffs before him,  
He only looks on high.

Ah! round him the dark waves, flinging  
Their arms, draw him slowly down;  
And this, with her wild, sweet singing,  
The Lorelei has done.

SIDNEY LANIER (1842-1881).

This well-known American poet, critic and *littérateur*, although possessing a good knowledge of German, has given us only two metrical translations from that language. Lanier wrote a sonnet in German to Nannette Falk-Auerbach. This sonnet was originally written in German and published in a German daily of Baltimore, while the author's translation appeared at the same time in the *Baltimore Gazette*. The two translations, which he made from the German, are Herder's *Spring Greeting* and Heine's *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*. Few poems surpass this lyric either in beauty and simplicity of form or depth of expression. How felicitously Lanier has rendered these characteristics

may be seen from his rendition, which follows. It is dated 1864 and was made by Lanier while at Point Lookout Prison:

*The Palm and the Pine.*<sup>81</sup>

In the far North stands a Pine-tree, lone,  
Upon a wintry height;  
It sleeps; around it snows have thrown  
A covering of white.

It dreams forever of a Palm  
That far i' the Morning-land,  
Stands silent in a most sad calm,  
Midst of the burning sand.

THEODORE PARKER (1810-1860).

This noted American clergyman, lecturer, reformer and author was born in Lexington, Mass., and died in Florence, Italy. He was a conspicuous advocate of the abolition of slavery and rendered his country its debtor by his eminent service in that cause.

Some of Parker's translations of German poetry are remarkably well done, but many are left in an imperfect condition. There are specimens from *Hymns of the Mystics*, of Paul Gerhardt, from the poetry of the *Boy's Wonder-Horn*, from Schwab, Simon Dach, Popular Collections, Rückert, Körner, Geibel, Opitz and Heine. Some translations from Heine, which he made while he was meditating an article upon that poet, are well done. The translations from Parker, which we shall quote, are taken from *The Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker*, by John Weiss, New York, 1864 (Vol. II, 31-36). Here is Parker's version of Heine's "Vorrede zur dritten Auflage" of his *Buch der Lieder* (1839), beginning with the line, "Das ist der alte Märchenwald."

This is the old poetic wood;  
The linden's breath comes stealing;  
And glancing wondrously, the moon  
Enchanteth every feeling.

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<sup>81</sup> *Poems by Sidney Lanier*, edited by his wife. New York, 1899, p. 232.

I walked therein, and as I went  
Above I heard a quiring:  
It was the nightingale; she sang  
Of love and love's desiring.

She sang of love and love's woe,  
Of laughter and of weeping;  
She joy'd so sadly, plain'd so gay,  
That dreams came back from sleeping.

I walked therein and as I went,  
Before me saw, extending  
In ample space, a castle huge,  
Its gables high ascending.

Windows were closed, and everywhere  
A silence and a mourning,  
As if in those deserted walls  
Was quiet death sojourning.

Before the door a sphinx there lay,  
Part joy, part fear, half human;  
Body and claws a lion's were,  
The breast and head, a woman,—

A woman fair; her pallid face  
Spoke of most wild desiring;  
The silent lips were arched with smiles,  
A tranquil trust inspiring.

The nightingale, too, sweetly sang,  
Could I resist her? Never!  
But as I kissed the handsome face  
My peace was gone forever!

Living became the marble form,  
The stone began to shiver,  
She drank my kisses' fiery glow  
With thirsty lips that quiver.

She almost drank away my breath,  
And then, with passion bending,  
She coiled me round, my mortal flesh  
With lion-talons rending.

Ecstatic torture, woeful bliss!  
Joy, anguish, without measure!  
And while the talons grimly tear,  
Her kisses give such pleasure!

The nightingale sang, "Handsome sphinx!  
O Love, what is intended—  
That all thy blessed beatitudes  
With death-throes thou hast blended?"

"Oh, handsome sphinx, come solve for me  
The riddle, tell the wonder!  
For many a thousand years thereon  
Thought I, and still I ponder."

Parker also gave us an impromptu translation from memory of Heine's *Lorelei*. How musically Parker could render Heine's lyrics is well illustrated by his admirable translations of *Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen; Du hast Diamanten und Perlen; Die Linde blühte, die Nachtigall sang; Du bist wie eine Blume* and *Mein, wir waren Kinder*, of which we shall only quote the last two as perhaps presenting Parker at his best in translating Heine. These two matchless lyrics have not been better translated into English.

*Du bist wie eine Blume.*

Thou art a little flower,  
So pure, and fair, and gay,  
I look on thee, and sadness  
Steals to my heart straightway.

My hands I feel directed  
Upon thy head to lay,  
Praying that God may keep thee  
So pure and fair and gay.

*Mein, wir waren Kinder.*

My child, when we were children,  
Two children small and gay,  
We crept into the hen-house  
And laid us under the hay.

We crow'd as do the cockerels,  
 When people passed the wood,  
 "Ki-ker-ki!" and they fancied  
 It was the cock that crow'd.

The chests which lay in the court-yard,  
 We paper'd them as fair,  
 Making a house right famous,  
 And dwelt together there.

The old cat of our neighbor  
 Oft came to make a call;  
 We made her bow and courtesy,  
 And compliment and all.

We ask'd with friendly question,  
 How she was getting on;  
 To many an ancient pussy,  
 The same we since have done.

In sensible discoursing  
 We sat like aged men,  
 And told how, in our young days,  
 All things had better been.

That faith, love, and religion  
 From earth are vanish'd quite,  
 And told how dear is coffee,  
 And money is so tight.

But gone are childish gambols,  
 And all things fleeting prove;  
 Money, the world, our young days,  
 Religion, truth, and love.

HIRAM CORSON.

The two translations, which Mr. Corson made of Heine's songs, are to be found in *Pearls from Heine*, Philadelphia, 1865. This pamphlet is not readily accessible, but may be found in the library of the American Philosophical Society. In this volume of translations Corson has contributed his versions of *Ich stand gelehnt an dem Mast*, and *Am Fenster stand die Mutter* (*Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar*). Both are admirably done, and the simplicity and melodious gliding of the rhythm are well reproduced.



We would gladly cite both translations, but owing to the length of *die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar*, we must content ourself with only the first, which, however, will amply attest the merits of Corson's ability.

*Ich stand gelehnt an dem Mast.*

I stand supported by the mast,  
And watch the wavelets free.  
Adieu, my beauteous Fatherland!  
My ship sails fast from thee!

I'm gliding by my loved one's home,  
That looks upon the sea;  
I wildly gaze at its glistening panes,  
But no hand waves to me.

Away, ye tears! from my eyes away!  
That I may clearly see;  
My fainting heart, be stout and strong,  
And fail not now to me.

J. W. MONTCLAIR.

We have only been able to find one translation from Heine by Montclair, and this in the volume before mentioned, *Pearls from Heine*. Consequently we can say but little regarding this translator. With the exception of three lines, the translation is remarkably accurate and liberal, and preserves the spirit and tone of the original admirably.

*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.*

On wings of song and music,  
Beloved, I'd waft thee away  
To the flowering banks of Ganges,  
Forever blooming and gay.

Its floral realm shall receive thee,  
Illumed by the silent moon;  
There the lotus-flowers are longing  
To greet their companion soon.

There violets nod and titter,  
Or gaze on the stars above;  
And roses with eloquent fragrance,  
Recount their legends of love.

Within the spice-groves are lurking  
 The innocent, cunning gazelles;  
 And distant is heard the rushing  
 Of the holy tide as it swells.

Under the palm will we linger,  
 Housed from the open skies;  
 In raptures of love and contentment,  
 Dreaming with open eyes.

WM. H. FURNESS, JR.

Wm. H. Furness, Jr., the brother of Horace Howard Furness, also contributed one translation to the *Pearls from Heine*—namely, the translation of the poem from the *Lyrical Intermezzo*, beginning with the line “Die Lotusblume ängstigt.” This translation possesses all the distinguished characteristics of the other translations in the *Pearls from Heine*, and we can hardly refrain from expressing our regret that we have not more versions from Heine by the same men.

*The Lotus-Flower.*

(*Die Lotus-Blume ängstigt*).

The lotus-flower pineth  
 Beneath day's splendor bright:  
 With head all bent and drooping,  
 Dreaming, she waits the night.

The moon, who is her lover,  
 Awakes her with its light,  
 And she lifteth to it fondly  
 Her lily face so white.

She blooms, and glows, and glistens,  
 And gazes calmly above;  
 She sighs, and weeps and trembles,  
 From love and the pain of love.

T. EMBLET OSMUN.

Once more are we placed in the embarrassing situation of endeavoring to form a judgment of a man's ability as a translator with only one specimen extant. This is his translation of

Heine's *Du bist wie eine Blume*, so often badly rendered even by excellent translators. That Osmun's version is far from perfect will be obvious after examination. His translation is to be found in *Pearls from Heine*.

*Du bist wie eine Blume.*

Thou art as some fair flower,  
So chaste, so gay, so sweet:  
I look on thee, and Sorrow  
Finds in my heart a seat.

I feel as I were prompted  
On thy head my hands to lay,  
And pray to God to keep thee  
So sweet, so chaste, so gay.

KATE HILLARD.

In her article on Heine in *Lippincott's Magazine* (Vol. X, pp. 187 f.), Kate Hillard gives a few specimens of translation. She finds the mournful secret of Heine's poetic strength in the words of the poem, *Aus meinen Thränen spriessen* (Elster, I, 66), which she renders rather poorly, especially the first strophe, in which neither the rhythm nor the meaning is accurately or felicitously translated. The second strophe is a decided improvement:

*Aus meinen Thränen spriessen.*

From my tears sweet flowers are springing  
All over the blossoming dales,  
And my sighs are changed by magic  
To a chorus of nightingales.

And if thou wilt love me, darling,  
To thee the flowers I'll bring,  
And before thy chamber window  
The nightingales shall sing.

This hardly conveys the effect of Heine's poetry, the subtle aroma of beauty has fled, which is the greatest charm of the poem. Far more successful is her rendering of the often translated beginning of the *Nachts in der Kajüte* (Elster, I, 171), the perfection of whose melody it is impossible to reproduce.

*Das Meer hat seine Perlen.*

The sea hath its pearls,  
 The heavens have their stars,  
 But my heart, my heart,  
 My heart has its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,  
 But greater is my heart,  
 And brighter than pearls or stars  
 Sparkles and glows my love.

Thou youthful little maiden,  
 Come to my mighty heart:  
 My heart and the sea and the heavens  
 Are melting away with love.

While she failed to reproduce the exquisite melody of the above-cited poem by neglecting the feminine endings and rhymes, she certainly secured literal exactness of meaning in the very rhyme and rhythm of the original in her translation of the poem beginning with the line *Mit schwarzen Segeln segelt mein Schiff* (Elster, I, 229), which she translates as follows:

With black sails hoisted, sails my ship  
 Far over the tossing tea:  
 Thou knowest well how sad I am,  
 Yet still tormentest me.

Thy heart is faithless as the wind,  
 It changes unceasingly:  
 With black sails hoisted, sails my ship  
 Far over the tossing sea.

## JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

John B. Phillips was a native of Kennet, Pa., and a friend of Bayard Taylor. Many of the most confidential letters written by Taylor in early life were addressed to Phillips. After studying medicine in Paris, Phillips settled in St. Paul, Minn., where he passed the rest of his life in the practice of his profession and in the office of State Commissioner of Statistics. He was a man of strong character, and of marked literary tastes, as his trans-

lations from Heine and other German poets as well as his own sonnets show. Dr. Phillips died at the age of fifty-six, April 27, 1877. Bayard Taylor wrote in the New York *Tribune* an obituary notice of his friend.

#### WILLIAM WETMORE STORY.

W. W. Story was born at Salem, Mass., in 1819, and died in Italy in 1895. He was the son of Joseph Story, the eminent American jurist, and achieved considerable fame as a sculptor and poet. In the *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, by H. W. Longfellow (Philadelphia, 1870), on page 351, we find the following translation, by W. W. Story, of Heine's poem, *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam* (Elster, I, 78):

A lonely fir-tree standeth  
On a height where north winds blow,  
It sleepeth, with whitened garment,  
Enshrouded by ice and snow.  
It dreameth of a palm-tree,  
That far in the Eastern land,  
Lonely and silent, mourneth  
On its burning shelf of sand.

#### SIMON ADLER STERN.

The scintillations <sup>82</sup> Stern gives us are passages from essays and letters not before translated, and that weird, romantic monologue called *Florentine Nights*. In this translation Heine loses that softness of outline, that play of light and shadow, which characterize him; he becomes harsh, sharp, sometimes shabby, and you see how occasionally he forces his fantastic attitudes. However, there are passages of the *Florentine Nights* which do not suffer mortally from translation, and one of these is that very Heinesque hit where Max tells of his passion for the beautiful statue which he found when a boy in the neglected garden of his mother's château. The other scintillations are as satisfactory as such selections can very well be; but each lover

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<sup>82</sup> *Scintillations from the Prose Works of Heinrich Heine*, translated from the German by S. A. Stern. New York, 1873.

of Heine will find fault with them, as not the best, and, in his turn, would doubtless choose passages which Stern would have condemned. The book is prefaced by a very sensibly written sketch of Heine's life and some study of his genius; and this also will not meet with much favor from Heine's habitual readers. Indeed, Heine lends himself as little as any author that ever lived to the purposes of the biographer or critic perhaps, because he has himself so thoroughly done the work of autobiography and self-criticism, that nothing really remains for others.

The *Nation* in a review of Stern's translation says: "Mr. Stern has succeeded in putting Heine into an English dress, and in doing it so well that those who read the great original will still find pleasure in seeing with what ingenuity and studious zeal our uncouth English has been subdued to the interpretations of the wittiest of Germans, and the most delicate of word-painters in French or German." By giving excerpts, in brief compass, as Stern does in the latter part of the volume, there is left on the reader's mind an impression of abruptness and forced wit, as if Heine were constantly attempting to be epigrammatic; whereas, part of the greatest charm of Heine's style are the flashes of wit and humor, touches of pathos, profound philosophical thoughts, beautiful word pictures, stinging sarcasms—all linked together by the most natural and ingenious gradations. Of all writers, Heine most abounds in startling surprises, paradoxes, and anti-climaxes, yet such is his marvellous skill of combination that amid all his extravagant fancies nothing seems forced or unreal. No writer better bears being quoted in brief, witty excerpts, yet none loses more by such treatment than Heine.

J. M. MERRICK.

After Merrick was graduated from Harvard University, as Bachelor of Science, he became instructor in Chemistry in the Lawrence Scientific School. In 1874 he published in Boston his specimens of translations in a volume entitled, *Nugae Inutiles*. This book contains translations from Horace, Catullus, Homer and Heine. The original Latin or German words are followed

by metrical translations into English. Merrick's translations are, for the most part, faithful to the letter and form, although he often fails to reproduce the melody and spirit. As a specimen of his skill as a translator let us cite his version of *Ich bin die Prinzessin Ilse* (Elster, I, 159).

*Princess Ilse* (pages 116-119).

I am the Princess Ilse,  
And I live in Ilsenstein,  
Come with me to my castle,  
And a happy lot is thine.  
Thy head will I besprinkle  
With water fresh and fair:  
Thy sorrow all thou shalt forget,  
Though sick at heart with care.  
My soft white arms shall hold thee  
Close to my whiter breast,  
And lulled with dreams of fairyland,  
Thou there shalt take thy rest.  
I will kiss thee and embrace thee,  
As I kissed and held the head  
Of the noble Emperor Henry,  
Who now is with the dead.  
The dead are dead and buried,  
And only the living live;  
But I am fair and blooming,  
With a merry heart to give.  
My heart throbs neath the water,  
And my crystal castle rings:  
The knight with the ladies dances,  
The squire huzzas and sings.  
'Mid the rustle of silken dresses,  
The clatter of spurs is heard;  
And with fiddles and horns and kettle-drums  
The listener's blood is stirred.  
But thee shall the arms encircle  
That held the Emperor fast,  
And stopped his ears with their fingers  
When I heard the trumpets' blast.

For I am the Princess Ilse,  
 And in Ilsenstein I dwell:  
 Come home with me to my castle  
 And all with thee shall be well.

To point out some of the shortcomings of Merrick's renditions we need only mention a few examples. In the last line of the fifth strophe, "Mein lachendes Herze bebt," is badly rendered by the line "With a merry heart to give." Still worse is Merrick's perversion of the meaning in his translation of strophe six:

Komm in mein Schloss herunter,  
 In mein Kristallenes Schloss.  
 Dort tanzen die Fräulein und Ritter,  
 Es jubelt der Knappentross.

The third line in both the second and the third strophes, has the wrong metre. Somewhat better is Merrick's translation of *Die Jungfrau schläft in der Kammer* (Elster, I, 106):

The maiden sleeps in her chamber,  
 The tremulous moon looks in;  
 Outside is singing and ringing,  
 And waltzing tunes begin.

"I will look and see from my window  
 Who troubles my rest outside."  
 A skeleton stands in the moonlight there,  
 And fiddles and sings beside.

"Thou didst promise me a dance once,  
 And thy word thou dost not keep,  
 Tonight is a ball in the churchyard.  
 We'll dance while other folk sleep."

He seizes the maiden roughly,  
 And pulls her out of her bed:  
 She follows the bones that, singing  
 And fiddling, stride ahead.

He fiddles and dances and capers,  
 And rattles his bones long dead,  
 And horridly in the moonlight  
 Keeps nodding and nodding his head.



Other translations from Heine in this volume by Merrick are: *Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne, Freundschaft, Liebe, Stein der Weisen, Mensch verspötte nicht den Teufel, Das ist des Frühlings traurige Lust* and *Sapphire sind die Augen dein*, of which we shall only quote the last one:

Sapphires are thy eyes,  
So lonely and so sweet;  
Thrice happy is the man  
Whom they with love do greet.

A diamond is thy heart,  
That glorious splendor throws;  
Thrice happy is the man  
For whom that dear heart glows.

Rubies are thy lips,  
None fairer are to see  
Thrice happy is the man  
Whose rubies bright these be.

Could I but find this man  
In a lonesome greenwood,  
His luck should all leave him,  
On the spot where he stood.

S. L. FLEISHMAN.

In his *Prose Miscellanies from Heinrich Heine*, Philadelphia, 1876, Fleishman gives us translations from *The Salon, The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopske, Religion and Philosophy in Germany, The Romantic School, The Swabian School, The Gods in Exile* and *Confessions*. Unfortunately the translator has resorted in this volume of selections to extensive expurgating and trimming. Nobody can translate Heine without facing the problem whether to present the great man as he was, or to destroy much of the psychological value of his work by injudicious trimming to suit the translator's idea of public taste. In making this selection of Heine's prose writings for publication, the translator was bewildered by an embarrassment of riches. To give only these few pages while so many delightful passages are omitted is very unsatisfactory and misrepresents the genius of

Heine. However, whatever Fleishman selected for translation he certainly rendered faithfully and in many cases happily; yet there are passages where the brilliant, witty, poetic style of Heine's prose appears dull and insipid in the translation. The book also contains a very excellent sketch, biographical and critical, of Heine and his works. In this sketch Fleishman follows the account of Strodtmann's *Heine's Leben und Werke*. Six years later (1882), Fleishman published his translation of Heine's *Romantic School*, in New York. This translation was undertaken at the suggestion of his wife and was completed by her assistance. In addition to the *Romantic School*, this volume contains a translation of the *Suabian Mirror* and Heine's introduction to an illustrated edition of *Don Quixote*.

Realizing that he had made a mistake in trimming the prose of Heine in his previous volume of translations, Fleishman profited by this opportunity to acknowledge his error, consequently in this volume he presents Heine as he is, and is careful to avoid distorting the meaning. He leaves the task of vindication to Heine himself. In the preface to this translation of the *Romantic School*, Fleishman devotes some space to calling attention to the significance of Heine as critic and as a writer on German literature, especially for foreigners. As far as we have been able to observe, the translator has rendered the German with felicity and accuracy, and we have no hesitation in saying that it is a decided improvement on Fleishman's previous efforts in translating, as indicated by his *Prose Miscellanies*.

#### JAMES K. HOSMER.

Of Hosmer as a critic we have already spoken. His essay on Heine,<sup>83</sup> in his *History of German Literature*, contains numerous translations of excerpts from Heine's prose, and metrical translations of passages from *Deutschland, ein Wintermärchen*, some stanzas from the *New Alexander* directed against the King of Prussia, *The Princess Ilse*, and the lines Heine wrote to

<sup>83</sup> *A Short History of German Literature*, by J. K. Hosmer. New York, 1878, pp. 497-533.

his wife when he was on his death bed. Hosmer's translation of the *Prinzessin Ilse* (Elster, I, 159), is literal but not poetic. The rhythm is poorly reproduced and the melodious flow is almost absent. The rhyme in strophe three is faulty.

*Princess Ilse.*

*Ich bin die Prinzessin Ilse.*

I am the Princess Ilse;  
To my castle come with me,—  
To the Ilsenstein my dwelling,  
And we will happy be.  
Thy forehead will I moisten,  
From my clear, flowing rill;  
Thy griefs thou shalt leave behind thee,  
Thou soul with sorrow so ill!  
Upon my bosom snowy,  
Within my white arms fold,  
There shalt thou be and dream a dream  
Of the fairy lore of old.  
I'll kiss thee, and softly cherish,  
As once I cherished and kissed  
The dear, dear Kaiser Heinrich,  
So long ago at rest.  
The dead are dead forever,—  
The living alone live still;  
And I am blooming and beautiful,  
My heart doth laugh and thrill.  
O come down into my castle,—  
My castle crystal bright!  
There dance the knights and maidens,  
There revels each servant-wight.  
There rustle the garments silken,  
There rattles the spur below;  
The dwarfs drum and trumpet and fiddle  
And the bugles merrily blow.  
Yet my arm shall softly enclose thee,  
As it Kaiser Heinrich enclosed:  
When the trumpets' music thundered,  
His ears with my hands I closed.

## HENRY PHILLIPS, JR.

Henry Phillips was formerly librarian of the American Philosophical Society, and in several volumes of translations from the German has shown great skill as a translator of poetry. He has, indeed, succeeded in surpassing the originals, especially in the case of some obscure German poets. In 1878 Phillips produced his *Poems Translated from the Spanish and German*. It appeared in Philadelphia, and one hundred copies were printed, exclusively for private circulation, as in the case of his later volume of translations from German poets. Both of these are to be found in the Library of the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Unfortunately this excellent translator devoted most of his attention to adorning inferior German poets in splendid English dress and he shunned the masters almost entirely. From Heine he gives us only three translations and these are contained in his first volume, *Poems Translated from the Spanish and German*. In the poem, *Zwei Brüder*, Phillips reproduces the meaning, spirit and tone admirably, but departs at times from the trochaic rhythm, and in *Belsazer* some of the rhymes are bad. Since these translations from Heine by Phillips are so excellent, and because the volume in which they are to be found is to most people inaccessible, we shall quote all of them. They will serve as specimens of Phillips' ability as a translator of German verse.

*Zwei Brüder* (Elster, I, 36).

*Oben auf der Bergespitze.*

*The Duel.*

High on yonder mountain's summit,  
 Stands a castle veiled in night;  
 In the valley gleam bright lightnings,  
 Whirling swords with blazing light.

Those stern fighters are two brothers,  
 Madly hungering for a life;  
 Speak and tell us now the reason  
 Of this wild nefarious strife?

For the love of Countess Laura  
Have both hearts with wrath been swayed,  
And they have drawn their murderous weapons  
To possess the beauteous maid.

Which one of the two combatants  
Can the fair one's favor boast?  
Neither has she more inclined to—  
Sword! thy point shall do the most!

And they duel, bold, determined,  
Clashing, flashing, blow on blow,  
Thrusting blindly in mad darkness,  
Stumbling midst the bushes low.

Woe, ye fratricidal monsters!  
Woe, ye vale of bloody zeal!  
Each one falls to earth prostrated  
By his brother's bloody steel.

Generations have departed,  
Centuries have rolled away;  
On the hill-side, sadly gloomy,  
Stands the castle to this day.

But when eve falls on that valley,  
Strange the tale the peasants say,  
As the church bells toll out midnight,  
Once more clangs the brothers' fray!

*Belsazer (Elster, I, 46).*

*Die Mitternacht zog näher schon.*

The midnight hour onwards passed;  
All Babylon was sunk in rest.

Save where the palace stood on high,  
Belshazzar held wild revelry;

Where in the chambers filled with lights,  
The king caroused among his knights.

Around sate his minions, in purple's rich fold,  
And quaffed mighty bumpers from beakers of gold.

Deep clanged the bright goblets, wild reveled the guest.  
The king's stubborn heart swelled with pride in his breast.

The wine's reddest glow burns in his mad cheeks,  
And many a wicked thought he speaks.

And blindly his madness his soul onwards spurred  
'Till he blasphemed the Godhead with direst of word.

And he swore and he raged in his infamies wild,  
While the servile crew mean flatteries smiled.

And he shouted an order with eyes aflame—  
Away one hurried and back quick came,

And brought of gold vessels a heavy load  
That once served the worship of Israel's God.

And with his rash hands polluted by sin,  
The king seized a chalice and poured the wine in.

And raised it to his lips so vile,  
And drained it and cried with drunken smile.

"Jehovah, I to thee in scorn,  
For I am the king in Babylon!"

Yet scarce had the sound died away on the ear  
In his bosom there came a gruesome fear.

And shouting and laughter ceased sudden with all,  
And silence like death reigned supreme in the hall.

While in horror and terror and wonder all stand,  
For lo! on the wall seems a human hand!

That wrote and wrote on the marble so white  
With letters of fire, and vanished from sight.

With staring eyes and bated breath  
The king sat motionless, a living death.

And the roistering crowd were filled with dread,  
Were silent and motionless as dead.

The Magi came at the king's command,  
But none these words could understand.

That very night by his menial train  
That impious monarch in sleep was slain.

*Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen* (Elster, I, 81).

When'er I hear that song again  
My darling used to sing,  
My breast is racked with savage pain,  
My heart doth madly spring.

A gloomy yearning sends my soul  
Into the forest drear,  
Where misery beyond control  
Bursts forth in many a tear.

THEODORE TILTON.

Theodore Tilton, editor, poet and lecturer, was born in New York in 1835. He was the editor of *The Independent* and founder of the *Golden Age*. He is known chiefly from his suit against Henry Ward Beecher begun in 1874, which resulted in the disagreement of the jury. Among his poems are *Thou and I*, a lyric of humn life, and translations from Goethe and Heine. In his volume of poems published in New York in 1880, Tilton incorporated his translations of Goethe's *König in Thule* and Heine's *Ritter Olaf*, translated in the original metres. This is perhaps the most literal rendering of *Ritter Olaf* in English, and the spirit of the original is fairly well reproduced.

*Ritter Olaf* (Elster, I, 273).

*Vor dem Dome stehen Zwei Männer.*

At the door of the Cathedral  
Stand two men together waiting;  
Both are clad in scarlet raiment;  
One the king and one the headsman,

And the king saith to the headsman,  
"From the Psalm the priests are singing,  
Now methinks the marriage is ended:  
Headsman, hold thy good axe ready!"

Clang of bells and peals of organ!  
Forth the folks stream from the temple;  
Motley is the throng,—and, midway,  
Come the bridal pair, bejeweled.

Pale and full of fear and sorrow  
 Looks the king's all beauteous daughter;  
 Bluff and blithesome looks Sir Olaf,—  
 And his red mouth, it is smiling!

And with smiling red mouth, saith he  
 To the king, who, standeth scowling,  
 "Sire, this day, my head requirest:

"I this day must die! O let me  
 Live the day through till the midnight,  
 That my nuptials I may honor  
 With a wedding-feast and torch-dance!

"Let me, let me live, I pray thee,  
 Till the last cup shall be emptied—  
 Till the last dance shall be finished!  
 Let me live until the midnight!"

And the king saith to the headsman,  
 "To our son we grant a respite—  
 Let him live until the midnight!  
 —Headsman, hold thy good axe ready!"

## II.

Sir Olaf at the festive board  
 Drains the last flagon that is poured;  
 Close clinging to his side  
 His sobbing bride!  
 —Before the door stands the headsman!

The waltz begins; and Sir Olaf the waist  
 Of his young wife clasps, and away in wild haste—  
 They whirl to the glitter and glance  
 Of the last torch-dance!  
 —Before the door stands the headsman!

The blare of the trumpets is loud and glad;  
 The sigh of the flutes is soft and sad;  
 Each guest beholding the dancing twain,  
 Feels a shiver of pain  
 —Before the door stands the headsman!



And while they dance in the echoing room,  
To the ear of the bride thus whispers the groom,  
"How dearly I love thee can never be told—  
The grave is so cold!"  
—Before the door stands the headsman!

III.

Sir Olaf it is noon of night!  
Thy life has filled its measure;  
Thou with the daughter of a prince  
Hast had unhallowed pleasure.

The monks, with murmuring voice, begin  
The prayer for the dead's redeeming;  
The man in red, on a scaffold black,  
Stands with his white axe gleaming.

Sir Olaf strides to the castle yard:  
The lights and the sword shine brightly;  
The red mouth of the knight, it smiles!—  
And he crieth gayly and lightly:

"I bless the sun, I bless the moon,  
And the stars that in heaven glitter;  
And I also bless the little birds  
That in the tree-tops twitter.

"I bless the sea, I bless the land,  
And the dewy meads of clover;  
I bless the violets—mild as the eyes  
Of my darling to her lover!—

"Those violet eyes of thine, my wife,  
Now sending my soul to heaven!—  
And I also bless the lilac-tree  
Where thou to my arms wert given!"

MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens).

In Chapter XVI of *A Tramp Abroad* (1880), Mark Twain gives an amusing account of the *Lorelei* legend. The air of the *Lorelei* he tells us, he could not endure at first, but by and by it began to take hold of him. He prints in this chapter the words, music and the legend of the *Lorelei*, and, after some droll re-

marks on the legend he says: "I have a prejudice against the people who print things in a foreign language and add no translation. When I am the reader, and the author considers me able to do the translating myself, he pays me quite a nice compliment, but if he would do the translating for me I would try to get along without the compliment. If I were at home, no doubt, I would get a translation of this poem, but I am abroad and can't; therefore I will make a translation myself. It may not be a good one, for poetry is out of my line, but it will serve my purpose—which is, to give the un-German young girl a jingle of words to hang the tune on until she can get hold of a good version, made by some one who is a poet and knows how to convey a poetical thought from one language to another."

Then Mark Twain gives the following translation of Heine's *Lorelei*:

I cannot divine what it meaneth,  
This haunting nameless pain:  
A tale of the bygone ages  
Keeps brooding through my brain:

The faint air cools in the gloaming,  
And peaceful flows the Rhine,  
The thirsty summits are drinking  
The sunset's flooding wine;

The loveliest maiden is sitting  
High-throned on yon blue air,  
Her golden jewels are shining,  
She combs her golden hair;

She combs with a comb that is golden,  
And sings a weird refrain  
That steeps in deadly enchantment  
The listener's ravished brain.

The doomed in his drifting shallop,  
Is tranced with the sad sweet tone,  
He sees not the yawning breakers,  
He sees but the maid alone.

The pitiless billows engulf him!—  
So perish sailor and bark;  
And this, with her baleful singing,  
Is the Lorelei's gruesome work.

As Mark Twain has explained the purpose of his translation of the *Lorelei* we must refrain from judging it severely. We need merely note that he has failed to convey the foreboding effect of *bedeuten* in the first line, and did not reproduce the sudden change to mockery in the last strophe as indicated in the line "*Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen*". But in all other respects the translation is admirable, and the melodious gliding of the rhythm is delightful. Mark Twain was a perfect German scholar, and of this fact, his famous essay on the German language is sufficient evidence. Delicious and characteristic are Mark Twain's remarks on Garnham's translation of the *Lorelei* (Chapter XII, *Tramp Abroad*):

"I have a translation by Garnham, Bachelor of Arts, on the *Legends of the Rhine*, but it would not answer the purpose I mentioned above, because the measure is too nobly irregular, it don't fit the tune snugly enough; in places it hangs over at the ends too far; and in other places one runs out of words before he gets to the end of a bar. Still Garnham's translation has high merits, and I am not dreaming of leaving it out of my book. I believe this poet is wholly unknown in America and England. I take peculiar pleasure in bringing him forward because I consider that I discovered him:

I do not know what it signifies,  
That I am so sorrowful?  
A fable of old times so terrifies,  
Leaves my heart so thoughtful.

The air is cool and it darkens,  
And calmly flows the Rhine;  
The summit of the mountain harkens  
In evening sunshine line.

The most beautiful maiden entrances  
Above wonderfully there,  
Her beautiful golden attire glances,  
She combs her golden hair.

With golden comb so lustrous,  
And thereby a song sings,  
It has a tone so wondrous,  
That powerful melody rings.

The shipper in the little ship  
It affects with woes and might:  
He does not see the rocky clip,  
He only regards dreadful height.

I believe the turbulent waves  
Swallow at last shipper and boat  
She with her singing craves  
All to visit her magic moat.

"No translation could be closer. He has got in all the facts; and in their regular order, too. There is not a statistic wanting. It is as succinct as an invoice. That is what a translation ought to be. It should exactly reflect the thought of the original. You can't sing, 'Above wonderfully there,' because it simply won't go to the tune, without damaging the singer; but it is a most clingingly exact translation of 'Dort oben wunderbar,'—fits it like a blister. Mr. Garnham's reproduction has other merits,—a hundred of them,—but it is not necessary to point them out. They will be detected."

#### EMMA LAZARUS (1849-1887).

Of all American translations of Heine's poems, we must pronounce the one made by Emma Lazarus as being on the whole, the most satisfactory. In reviewing her works we are struck by the precocity and spontaneity of her poetic gift, for she was a born singer; poetry was her natural language. At the age of eleven the War of Secession inspired her first lyric outbursts. Her poems and translations written between the ages of fourteen and seventeen were collected and constituted her first published volume. A profound melancholy pervaded that book. Foremost among the translations are a number of Heine's songs, rendered with a finesse and literalness that are rarely combined. Emma Lazarus possessed eminent qualifications for translating Heine's poems. She was akin to Heine in combining Hellenism

and Hebraism in her nature. Already in her first volume we observe traces of this kinship and affinity that afterwards so plainly declared itself. Her works like Heine's are subjective and biographical.

In 1881 appeared her translation of *Heine's Poems and Ballads* (New York, 1881), to which she prefixed a biographical sketch of Heine. This translation was at once generally accepted as the best version of that untranslatable poet. Very curious is the link between that bitter, mocking, cynical spirit and the refined, gentle spirit of Emma Lazarus, as is well indicated in her translations. Of her translations from Heine in general we may say that she has given us as faithful and accurate a reproduction of the thought, spirit, tone, rhythm and melody of the original as is possible. In some poems she falls below the standard of excellence which she usually maintains. Positive traces of her depending on previous versions,—not to be designated as accidental resemblances—are discernible now and then. Her rhymes are for the most part exact, and she endeavored throughout to reproduce the limpidity, ease, simplicity and subtle suggestiveness of the original, and with considerable success. As her volume of translations from Heine has become almost inaccessible we will cite a few specimens. The only copy which we have been able to find in Philadelphia is in the possession of ex-Judge Sulzberger.

*The Pine and the Palm* (Elster, I, 78).

*Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam.*

There stands a lonely pine-tree,  
In the north, on a barren height;  
He sleeps while the ice and the snow-flakes  
Swathe him in folds of white.

He dreameth of a palm-tree  
Far in the sunrise land,  
Lonely and silent longing  
On her burning bank of sand.

*Du bist wie eine Blume* (Elster, I, 117).

Thou seemest like a flower,  
So pure and fair and bright;  
A melancholy yearning  
Steals o'er me at thy sight.

I fain would lay in blessing  
My hands upon thy hair;  
Imploring God to keep thee  
So bright and pure and fair.

*Du schönes Fischermädchen* (Elster, I, 99)

Thou fairest fisher maiden,  
Row thy boat to the land,  
Come here and sit beside me,  
Whispering hand in hand.

Lay thy head on my bosom,  
And have no fear of me;  
For carelessly thou trustest  
Daily the savage sea.

My heart is like the ocean,  
With storm and ebb and flow;  
And many a pearl lies hidden  
Within its depths below.

*Das Meer hat seine Perlen* (Elster, I, 171).

The ocean hath its pearls,  
The heaven hath its stars  
But oh! my heart, my heart,  
My heart hath its love.

Great are the sea and the heavens,  
But greater is my heart;  
And fairer than pearls or stars  
Glistens and glows my love.

Thou little youthful maiden,  
Come unto my mighty heart!  
My heart, and the sea, and the heavens  
Are melting away with love.

*Nacht lag auf meinen Augen* (Elster, I, 90).

Night lay upon my eyelids,  
About my lips earth clave;  
With stony heart and forehead  
I lay within my grave.

How long I cannot reckon  
I slept in that strait bed;  
I woke and heard distinctly  
A knocking overhead.

"Wilt thou not rise, my Henry?  
The eternal dawn is here;  
The dead have re-arisen,  
Immortal bliss is near."

"I cannot rise, my darling,  
I am blinded to the day.  
Mine eyes with tears thou knowest,  
Have wept themselves away."

"Oh, I will kiss them, Henry,  
Kiss from thine eyes the night.  
Thou shalt behold the angels  
And the celestial light."

"I cannot rise, my darling,  
My blood is still outpoured,  
Where thou didst wound my heart once,  
With sharp and cruel word."

"I'll lay my hand, dear Henry,  
Upon thy heart again.  
Then shall it cease, from bleeding,  
And stilled shall be its pain."

"I cannot rise, my darling,  
My heart is bleeding—see!  
I shot myself, thou knowest,  
When thou wert reft from me!"

"Oh, with my hair, dear Henry,  
I'll stanch the cruel wound,  
And press the blood-stream backward,  
Thou shalt be whole and sound."

So kind, so sweet she wooed me,  
 I could not say her nay.  
 I tried to rise and follow,  
 And clasp my loving May.

Then all my wounds burst open,  
 From head and breast outbrake  
 The gushing blood in torrents—  
 And lo, I am awake!

Even at the cost of sacrificing the enchanted melody, Emma Lazarus, in her article on Heine in the *Century Magazine* (Vol. VII), gave a few prose translations, for only in such literal versions could she hope to convey an approximate idea of the piercing subtlety of thought and innuendo so peculiar to Heine's poems.

#### HENRY C. LEA.

This eminent writer on ecclesiastical history was born in Philadelphia in 1825. He has published *Superstition and Force* (1866), *Sacerdotal Celibacy* (1867), *Studies in Church History* (1869), and a *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages* (1887). In 1882 appeared in Philadelphia his *Translations and Other Rhymes*. This volume was privately printed and a copy may be found in the Library of the Historical Society in Philadelphia. It contains translations from Goethe, Uhland, Schiller, Herder, Dach and Heine. Mr. Lea's version of Heine's famous sonnet to his mother, *Im tollen Wahn hatt' ich dich einst verlassen* is a fine specimen of accurate and spirited translation (Elster, I, 57).

I left thee once my spirit madly burning,  
 To wander onwards to earth's farthest shore,  
 And find if I could quench the thirst I bore  
 For love and satisfy my heart's wild yearning.

So love I sought, through every pathway turning.  
 With outstretched hand I went from door to door,  
 Begging a little love from each one's store,  
 But they gave only cruel hate and spurning



And thus in quest of love I wandered ever,  
Seeking for love and finding love, ah, never!  
Then homeward turned, spent with vain endeavor.  
And thou didst come with hasty step to meet me,  
And what in thine o'erbrimming eyes did greet me—  
That was the love whose quest so long did cheat me!

Beautifully has Mr. Lea translated Heine's *Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar* (Elster, 146), which we shall quote in preference to the remaining translations from Heine, such as the *Lorelei*, etc., because it represents in our opinion Mr. Lea's best effort in that line. Especially commendable is the fidelity with which the original is reproduced.

*Am Fenster stand die Mutter.*

The mother stood at the window,  
The youth lay on his bed,  
"Come, Wilhelm dear," she said.  
"I am so sick, O mother,  
I can neither hear nor see.  
I think of the dead Gretchen.  
And my heart aches wofully."  
"Rise, and we'll go to Kevlaar,  
With book and rosary,  
God's Mother there will surely  
Cure thy sick heart for thee."  
Now swells the chanting solemn,  
The church's banners shine,  
As on goes the procession,  
Through Cölln on the Rhine.  
As the crowd sweeps on, the mother  
Leads her son tenderly,  
And both join in the chorus—  
"Sweet Mary, praise to Thee!"

II.

The Mother of God at Kevlaar  
Wears today her richest gear.  
She has much to do, for gather  
Sick folk from far and near.

And these poor sick ones bring her,  
As offerings to suit,  
Limbs made of wax so neatly—  
Full many a hand and foot.

And whoso a wax-hand offers  
She 'frees his hand of pain;  
And whoso a wax-foot offers,  
The foot is made whole again.

And many who went on crutches  
On the rope can dance around;  
And many can play on the viol  
Who had not a finger sound.

The mother has taken a candle  
And a waxen-heart has made—  
"Take this to God's sweet Mother,  
She will heal thy grief," she said.

The son takes the wax-heart sighing,  
To the shrine he sighing goes,  
The tears from his eyes are flowing,  
As the prayer from his sick heart flows.

"Thou Blessed of all the Blessed,  
Thou Queen upon Heaven's throne,  
Thou God's own purest virgin,  
To Thee be my sorrows known!

"I dwell alone with my mother,  
At Cöllen on the Rhine,  
Cöllen where there is many  
A church and chapel and shrine.

"And near to us dwelt Gretchen,  
Who now lies 'neath the ground—  
Mary, I bring Thee a wax heart,  
Heal thou my heart's deep wound!

"Heal thou my heart that's broken,  
And I will most fervently  
Sing every night and morning,  
Sweet Mary, a praise to Thee!"

III.

The sick son and his mother  
In a room together slept,  
The Mother of God came thither,  
And silently in she stepped.

The sick youth she bent over,  
And on his heart so seared  
She laid her hand, and softly  
She smiled and disappeared.

In her sleep all this the mother  
Saw—and yet more she marked  
From her slumber she awakened,  
For the dogs so loudly barked.

There lay outstretched before her,  
Her son all stark and dead,  
While o'er the wan, shrunk features,  
The dawn its radiance shed.

The hands she gently folded—  
Benumbed with grief was she  
Yet her low voice rose devoutly—  
"Sweet Mary, praise to Thee!"

Mr. Lea's translation of the *Lorelei* is poor, yet in the last strophe he has felicitously caught the tone and spirit of the sudden gleam of mockery so characteristic of Heine:

I believe that the end of the story  
Is the sinking of skiff and youth,  
And that mischief with her singing  
Hath the Lorelei wrought in sooth!

F. JOHNSON.

Johnson translated Heine's *Lyrisches Intermezzo*, and entitled his volume, *A Romance in Song*. This book appeared in Boston in 1884.

## FREDERIC H. HEDGE.

Selections from the prose of Heine were given by Hedge in his *Prose Writers of Germany*. He also translated extracts from the *Reisebilder*, in his essay on Heine, in the volume entitled *Hours with German Classics* (Boston, 1886), in addition to giving some specimens of metrical translations. Professor Hedge, whatever else he was, was no poet, and he set a bad example when he murdered Goethe's *Der Erlkönig*, in which no one can detect a suspicion of the beautiful ballad strain of the original in his dry and spiritless rendering. A certain bland self-assurance which does not dream of the subtler difficulties to be overcome is what strikes one as a characteristic of Hedge's dealings with Goethe and Heine. His translation of Heine's *Ein Reiter durch das Bergthal zieht* and *Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar*, are certainly bad.

In the following specimen (which is the best Hedge has done with Heine), the grace and easy levity of the original song are entirely absent:

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!  
 Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen,  
 Sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen;  
 Du treues Herz, was pochst du so schwer!

etc. (Elster, I, 31), is thus rendered by Hedge:

I'm tossed and driven to and fro;  
 A few hours more and I shall meet her,—  
 The maid, than whom earth knows no sweeter:  
 Heart, my heart, why throbb'st thou so?  
 But the hours they are a lazy folk;  
 Leisurely their slow steps dragging,  
 Yearning, creeping, lingering, lagging,—  
 Come, hurry up, you lazy folk!  
 With hurry and worry I'm driven and chased;  
 But the hours were never in love, I judge,  
 And so they conspire to wreak their grudge  
 In secretly mocking at lover's haste.

CHARLES T. BROOKS (1813-1883).

Charles Timothy Brooks was born in Salem, Mass, in 1813. He enjoyed the study of German, with whose masterpieces in prose and poetry his name was to be so honorably identified in after years as translator and critic. He was initiated into the language and its literature by those enthusiastic and eminent German scholars, Dr. Karl Follen and Prof. Charles Beck. In 1838 he offered his tribute, a volume of translated German poetry to the *Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature*, edited by George Ripley, in the interests of the Transcendental philosophy. The qualities which distinguished Brooks as a translator from the German, were his rare knowledge of the language and its literature, great practice in composition, a cultivated gift of expression and a warm poetical sympathy. His first considerable publication was a translation of Schiller's *William Tell* (1837). His collection of translated poems contributed to Ripley's *Specimens of Foreign Literature* (Vol. XIV of Series), has already been alluded to. He was singularly happy in his rendering of shorter poems and lyrics. His exquisite versions of the ballads and songs of Uhland, Lenau, Chamisso, A. Grün, Freiligrath and Heine, and his fine translation of *Faust* will longest preserve his literary reputation with posterity. In 1842 his second collection of translated verse under the title of *German Lyric Poetry* was published in Philadelphia. Brooks is also famous for his translations from Jean Paul. In *Poems Original and Translated*, by Charles T. Brooks (Boston, 1885), we find the following fine translation from Heine (page 184 f).

*Meergruss* (Elster, I, 179).

*Thalatta, Thalatta!*

*Sei mir gegrüsst, du ewiges Meer!*

Thalatta! Thalatta!

Hail to thee! hail! thou infinite sea!

Hail to thee! hail! ten thousand times

My bounding heart greets thee!

As whilom ten thousand

Greek hearts leaped up to greet thee—

Misery—vanquishing, homesick, and languishing,

World-renowned Greek hearts heroic.

The billows were swelling,  
Were swelling and sounding;  
The sun-beams were flashing and playing,  
Refulgent with rosy lustre:  
Up rose the flocks of startled sea mews  
Wheeling away—loud screaming;  
'Mid stamping of war steeds and clattering of bucklers,  
It rang through the welken like triumph's shout;  
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Welcome once more thou infinite sea!  
Like voices of home, thy murmuring waters;  
Like dreams of my childhood, sunbeams and shadows  
Flit o'er thy weltering billowy domain.  
And memory forever reviews the old story  
Of all the precious glorious playthings,  
Of all the glittering Christmas presents,  
Of all the branching trees of red coral,  
Gold fishes, pearls and shells of beauty,  
The secret stores thou treasurest up  
Below in thy sparkling crystal house.

Oh, how long have I languished in dreary exile!  
Like a dry, withering flower,  
In the tin case of the botanist pining,  
So lay my heart in my breast.  
I seem like one who, the live-long winter  
A patient, sat in a dark sick-chamber,  
And now I suddenly leave it,  
And, lo! in her dazzling effulgence,  
Comes the emerald Spring, sun-wakened, to greet me,  
And the rustling trees, white and blossoming murmur,  
And the fair young flowers look up at me  
With radiant, sunny glances,  
All is music and mirth and beauty and bliss,  
And through the blue heavens the warblers are singing,  
Thalatta! Thalatta!

Thou valiant, retreating heart!  
How oft, how bitterly  
Harassed thee the Northland's barbarian maidens!  
Bending their great eyes upon thee,  
Fiery arrows they darted;

With words all crooked and polished  
Threatened to rend my bosom asunder;  
With arrow-head billets they smote to destroy  
My wretched, bewildered brain.  
Vainly I held up my shield against them;  
The arrow came hissing, the blows fell crashing,  
And pressed by the Northern barbarian maidens,  
Fought I my way to the sea—  
And now I breathe freely once more,  
And breathe out my thanks to the sea,  
The blessed, the rescuing sea!  
Thalatta! Thalatta!

## NEWELL DUNBAR.

In Newell Dunbar's book, *Heinrich Heine, His Wit, Wisdom and Poetry, Preceded by the Essay of Matthew Arnold* (Boston, 1892), edited by Newell Dunbar, we have a good anthology, sips hastily snatched—the cream of the inimitable Heine is what this little book aims to present. The skimming is skilfully performed and affords delicious refreshment and sustenance. Dunbar acknowledges his indebtedness to the excellent volume of selections by Snodgrass. Dunbar's volume combines prose and verse in about equal proportions, something like an all-around presentment of the author being thus given in a single volume. In this respect the book is unique. The incorporation in it of the sympathetic essay of Matthew Arnold greatly enhances the value. Also some of the illustrations used had never hitherto been placed before English readers. As this volume is merely a compilation from other translators, we need not speak of its merits.

## FRANCES HELLMAN.

*The Lyrics and Ballads of Heine and Other German Poets*, translated by Frances Hellman, New York, 1892, contains ninety-six pieces from Heine supplemented by forty-six others from Goethe, Geibel, Uhland and others. The verse for the most part flows easily and gracefully. There are not a half dozen lines in the whole collection that fail in that respect. So far as we have been able to compare translation with original, there are no

blunders in sense—not even the customary one in the last line of Heine's *Am fernen Horizonte*. Like the one just named, many of the poems, especially of Heine's, are well rendered and the translator has contrived in most cases to preserve the original rhythm. As a specimen of her translations from Heine we shall take *Die Bergstimme* (Elster, I, 35), *Ein Reiter durch das Bergthal zieht*.

*The Mountain Voice.*

Across the vale, in slow, sad pace,  
There rides a trooper brave;  
"Oh! go I now to sweetheart's arm,  
Or to a gloomy grave?"  
The mountain answer gave:  
"A gloomy grave."

And onward still the horseman rides,  
And sighs with heaving breast:  
"So soon I go then to my grave,  
Ah well, the grave brings rest."  
The mountain voice confessed:  
"The grave brings rest."

And then down from the horseman's cheek  
A woeful tear-drop fell;  
"And if the grave alone brings rest,  
All will, in the grave, be well."  
The voice—with hollow knell:  
"In the grave be well."

CHARLES DE KAY.

A translation of the familiar letters of Heine addressed chiefly to his mother and sister is what Mr. De Kay has given us in his *Family Life of Heine* (New York, 1893). These letters were first collected and published by Von Embden, Heine's nephew. They are not literary at all. Heine was often loose in construction and sometimes ungrammatical, but at the same time the German is easy. These letters reflect the hopes and needs of Heine and his attitude of mind toward money, his wife, house-



hold, publisher, friends, enemies and relations. Broad wit is not absent. De Kay's translation is for the most part faithful, yet he fails to reproduce the grace and ease of the original with felicity.

ARTHUR DEXTER.

Karpeles called the book, *Heinrich Heine's Life Told in His Own Words*, edited by Gustav Karpeles, and translated from the German by Arthur Dexter (New York, 1893), an autobiography. As Heine did not select the materials of which it is composed and join them in a volume to tell the story of his life, Dexter has changed the title. For the same reason he has omitted much that he thought would not interest American readers. The metrical portions of this translation are literal, but the melodious union of simplicity with wit and pathos, so characteristic of Heine's poetry, is not reproduced by the translator. Dexter has also inserted in this volume a few letters taken from *Heine's Familienleben*, edited by his nephew, Baron von Embden. To give examples of Dexter's metrical translations we quote the following specimens:

*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges* (Elster, I, 68).

Upon the wings of melody  
My heart's delight I will bear  
To the far-off streams of the Ganges,  
To a spot of beauty rare.  
There lies a blooming garden,  
Beneath the moonlight clear;  
The lotus flowers are waiting  
For their little sister dear.  
The violets titter and gossip,  
And look at the stars above;  
Each rose in the ear of her lover  
Whispers her story of love.  
The gazelles, in their innocent cunning,  
Listen and pass with a bound;  
And the waves of the sacred river  
On the distant shore resound.  
Here will we lie in the shadow,  
Under the palm of the stream,  
And drink deep of rest and passion,  
And dream a heavenly dream.

*Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam* (Elster, I, 78).

A pine-tree stands deserted  
On the barren northern height,  
It slumbers, by the ice and snow  
Wrapped in a mantle white.

It is dreaming of a palm-tree  
In the far-off morning-land,  
Deserted and grieving in silence,  
By the cliffs and burning sand.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

In his volume entitled *For Fifty Years* (Boston, 1893), Edward Everett Hale gives two metrical translations from Heine. Owing to their length, we cannot quote both, although they are well done. We can get an idea of their excellence by comparing *Neptune Descending* with the original. The other translation beginning with the line, "Midnight rests upon the city", was written by Mr. Hale in 1843, but not published until 1893. It consists of sixty-four lines, and the rhythm flows along admirably.

*Neptune Descending.*

There he sat high, retired from the seas;  
There looked with pity on his Grecians beaten,  
There burned with rage at the god-king who slew them.  
Then he rushed forward from the rugged mountain quickly descending;

He bent the forests also as he came down,  
And the high cliffs shook under his feet.  
Three times he trod upon them,  
And, with his fourth step, reached the home he sought far,

There was his palace, in the deep waters of the seas,  
Shining with gold and builded forever.  
There he yoked him his swift footed horses,  
Their hoofs are brazen, and their manes are golden.  
He binds then with golden thongs,  
He seizes his golden goad,  
He mounts upon the chariot and doth fly,—  
Yes! he drives them forth into the waves!

And the whales rise under him from the depths,  
For they know he is their king;  
And the glad sea is divided into parts,  
That his steeds may fly along quickly;  
And his brazen axle passes dry between the waves,  
So, bounding fast, they bring him to his Grecians.

MADISON CAWEIN.

In *The White Snake and Other Poems* (Louisville, 1895), (J. P. Marton and Company, translations from the German by Madison Cawein), the well-known poet, offers three translations from Heine, namely, *Palsgravine Jutta*, containing twenty-one lines; from the *Jehuda ben Halévy*, containing seven four-line strophes; and *Perduse*, containing thirty-six strophes of two lines each. Of this book, there were but one hundred and fifty copies printed, of which one hundred copies were for sale.

MARION M. MILLER.

The article on Heine by M. M. Miller in the *Bachelor of Arts* (Vol. II, 1896), contains a fairly accurate translation of Heine's *Weavers*:

With thirsty eyes, darkened by grieving,  
Gnashing their teeth, a web they are weaving:  
"Thy shroud are we shaping, O Germany old,  
And into it weaving a curse three-fold—  
Weaving, a-weaving!

"A curse on God! In vain supplication  
We prayed him in horrors of cold and starvation,  
All bootless we waited and hoped and believed  
Us he has bemocked and befooled and deceived—  
Weaving, a-weaving!

"A curse on Kaiser, the rich man's Kaiser!  
For woes of the poor no kinder, no wiser;  
He lets us, when from us our last groat is wrung  
As though we were dogs, be shot at and hung,—  
Weaving, a-weaving!

"A curse on country, the fatherland rotten,  
Where shame and disgrace flaunt, and truth is forgotten,  
Where every bloom fades untimely away  
And royal batten the worm on decay,—  
Weaving, a-weaving!

"The loom is a-creaking, in ceaseless flight  
The shuttle is glancing by day and by night,  
Thy shroud are we shaping, O Germany old!  
Yes, into it weaving the curse, three-fold,—  
Weaving, a-weaving!"

EUGENE FIELD.

In his various editions of poems, Eugene Field gives us some fine specimens of translations from Luther, Uhland, Körner and Heine. Although his translations from Heine are not literal, yet they are masterly reproductions of the tone, spirit and melody of the original. Let us take for example, his beautiful rendering of the exquisite lyric *Aus meinen Thränen sprissen* (Elster, I, 66):

*Love Song* <sup>84</sup>—Heine.

Many a beauteous flower doth spring  
From the tears that flood my eyes,  
And the nightingale doth sing  
In the burden of my sighs.

If, O child, thou lovest me,  
Take these flowerets fair and frail,  
And my soul shall waft to thee  
Love songs of the nightingale.

Eugene Field is also felicitous in his paraphrase <sup>85</sup> of Heine's *Es fällt ein Stern herunter* (Elster, I, 88).

There fell a star from realms above—  
A glittering glorious star to see!  
Methought it was the star of love,  
So sweetly it illumined me.

<sup>84</sup> *Songs and Other Verse*, by Eugene Field. New York, 1896, p. 30.

<sup>85</sup> *Songs and Other Verse*, p. 184.

And from the apple branches fell  
 Blossoms and leaves that time in June;  
 The wanton breezes wooed them well  
 With soft caress and amorous tune.

The white swan proudly sailed along  
 And vied her beauty with her note—  
 The river jealous of her song,  
 Threw up its arms to clasp her throat.

But now—oh, now the dream is past—  
 The blossoms and the leaves are dead,  
 The swan's sweet song is hushed at last,  
 And not a star burns overhead.

Another clever translation is Field's version of Heine's  
*Widow or Daughter?*

Shall I woo the one or the other?  
 Both attract me—more 's the pity!  
 Pretty is the widowed mother,  
 And the daughter, too, is pretty.

When I see that maiden shrinking,  
 By the gods I swear I'll get 'er!  
 But anon I fall to thinking  
 That the mother 'l suit me better!

So like any idiot ass  
 Hungry for the fragrant fodder,  
 Placed between two bales of grass,  
 Lo, I doubt, delay, and dodder!

Field being an enthusiastic admirer of Heine's lyrics, and possessing a fine poetic feeling has been marvelously successful in the few specimens that he translated from the *Buch der Lieder*.

W. A. R. KERR.

The *Canadian Magazine* (Vol. XII, 1899) published the first contribution of W. A. R. Kerr to the already large number of American translations from Heine. In this number of the magazine, Kerr published two translations and subsequently in his article on Heine (*Canadian Magazine*, Vol. XV), he

introduced a few more. While these versions give indication of considerable talent in translating, yet they fail to reproduce the directness and simplicity of the originals. The subtle thought and innuendo and grace are but poorly reported. The following specimens represent Mr. Kerr's best efforts in translating Heine:

*Recollection.*

The yellow foliage shivers,  
Down fall the dry leaves to their doom—  
Ah, all that was fair and lovely  
Sinks withered in the tomb.

The tops of the forest are shimmering  
Beneath the wan sun's sad light,  
The last cold kisses of summer  
Give way to the winter night.

I cannot keep from weeping  
From my heart's inmost cell;  
This scene once again reminds me  
Of when we said farewell.

And I was forced to leave thee,  
I knew thou wert dying now—  
I was the parting summer,  
The dying forest thou.

*Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam.*

A pine-tree standeth lonely  
On a bare northern height,  
It slumbereth, while ice and snow flakes  
Are veiling it in white.

And of a palm-tree it dreameth,  
That far in the Orient land  
Lonely and silent mourneth  
On a burning rocky strand.

EDWARD HENRY KEEN.

The only translation from Heine published by Mr. Keen, is to be found in the *Outlook* (Vol. 69, page 978).

*Schattenküsse, Schattenliebe* (Elster, I, 229).

Shadow love, and shadow kisses,  
Shadow life so fleet and strange,  
Will all hours be sweet as this is?  
Tell me, dear one, must they change?  
Nothing stays of all we cherish,  
Weary eyes will fall asleep;  
All things fade, and pass and perish,  
Loving hearts must cease to beat.

JOHN HAY.

The volume of *Poems* by John Hay, published recently by Houghton, Mifflin and Company, contains some excellent translations and paraphrases from Heine's songs and ballads. How well Hay could paraphrase Heine's lyrics may be seen from the following rendering of *Du bist wie eine Blume*:

When I look on thee and feel how dear,  
How pure, and how fair thou art,  
Into my eyes there steals a tear,  
And a shadow mingled of love and fear  
Creeps slowly over my heart.  
And my very hands feel as if they would lay  
Themselves on thy fair young head,  
And pray the good God to keep thee alway  
As good and lovely, as pure and gay,—  
When I and my wild love are dead.

Heine's *Azra* is admirably rendered. The words by Hay fit the wonderful music written by Rubenstein very well, and yet the translation is literal:

*Täglich ging die Wunderschöne.*

Daily went the fair and lovely  
Sultan's daughter in the twilight,—  
In the twilight by the fountain,  
Where the sparkling waters plash.  
Daily stood the young slave silent  
In the twilight by the fountain,  
Where the plashing waters sparkle,  
Pale and paler every day.

Once by twilight came the princess  
 Up to him with rapid questions:  
 "I would know thy name, thy nation,  
 Whence thou comest, who thou art?"  
 And the young slave said, "My name is  
 Mahomet, I come from Yemmen.  
 I am of the sons of Azra,  
 Men who perish if they love."

Other translations and paraphrases from Heine to be found in Hay's poems are *Good and Bad Luck*, *The Golden Calf*, *To the Young*, and *The Countess Jutta*. Of these we shall only quote the last, because this puts Hay's ability to a severe test in reproducing the melody and flow of Heine's so-called irregular rhythms. The others are mostly free renderings, but possess the peculiar flavor which stamps them as the peculiar work of Heine. How thoroughly Hay was dominated by Heine we shall learn later.

*Countess Jutta.*

The Countess Jutta passed over the Rhine,  
 In a light canoe by the moon's pale shine.  
 The handmaid rows and the Countess speaks:  
 "Seest thou not there where the water breaks  
     Seven corpses swim  
     In the moonlight dim?  
 So sorrowful swim the dead!  
 "They were seven knights full of fire and youth,  
 They sank on my heart and swore me truth.  
 I trusted them; but for Truth's sweet sake,  
 Lest they should be tempted their oaths to break,  
     I had them bound,  
     And tenderly drowned!  
 So sorrowful swim the dead!"  
 The merry Countess laughed outright!  
 It rang so wild in the startled night!  
 Up to the waist the dead men rise  
 And stretch lean fingers to the skies.  
     They nod and stare  
     With glassy glare!  
 So sorrowful swim the dead!



In many instances Hay transforms almost rather than translates, simply retaining the most delicate perfection of the thought, re-embodied in a new form.

LILIAN WHITING.

While the lyrical translations of Miss Whiting do not offer the most perfect approach to the spirit of the originals, yet she shows an exquisite interpretation of the poet's art, being herself a poetess of no mean ability. In her *World Beautiful in Books* (Boston, 1901), we find two translations from Heine; namely, *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam* and *Mein Liebchen, wir sassen zusammen*.

*Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam.*

A pine-tree stood alone on  
A bare, bleak, Northern height,  
The ice and the snow they swathe it  
As it sleeps there all in white.

'Tis dreaming of a palm tree  
In a far-off Eastern land  
That mourns, alone, and silent,  
On a ledge of burning sand.

*Mein Liebchen wir sassen zusammen.*

My darling we sat together,  
We two in our frail boat;  
The night was calm o'er the wide sea  
Whereon we were afloat.

The Spectre-Island, the lonely,  
Lay dim in the moon's mild glance;  
There sounded sweetest music,  
There waved the shadowy dance.

It sounded sweeter and sweeter,  
But we slid past forlornly  
Upon the great sea-flow."  
It waved there to and fro;

## HEINE'S INFLUENCE ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

## INTRODUCTION.

So powerful has been Heine's influence that unmistakable traces are discernible in the literatures of all cultured lands. His works are read, admired and translated into every cultivated language. Heine's claim to immortality is that in his works the whole spiritual life of his age is reflected and expressed. Its intellectual endeavor, its wildest passions, its tenderest emotion, its hope and its disappointment find a voice in his verse. A high theme, but one which he treated in no abstract manner, in no careful exalted style. There lives in his works a spirit which breaks through the national boundaries of talent and feeling. Heine is not infrequently praised and esteemed in foreign countries more than Goethe. We have a monograph by Louis Betz on *Heine in France*, a very comprehensive and diligent piece of research work from which we learn much. On Heine's influence in Russia, Italy and South America, similar works have appeared. In England the influence of Heine's works manifested itself slowly, for his genius had to make peace with the temper of the nation. In spite of many eminent examples to the contrary, the natural tendency of the English lyric is robust and joyous. To Clough and Matthew Arnold we may attribute the first conscious introduction of Heine's influences into English poetry. When they first imitated the cadences of Heine, a force was required which should be a powerful reaction against the false melancholy of Byronism. The best work of Arnold displayed a peculiar originality, by fusing with the serene philosophy of Wordsworth and the sensuous ecstasy of Keats, the sensibility and vibrations of the soul of Heine. To a still later school, that of Pater and Swinburne, Heine's great discovery lay less in his attitude of intellectual revolt than in his adoption of a modern and yet intense paganism,—the originality and vitality of his at-

titude toward beauty. It is undoubtedly the most independent, the most unacademic that the world had seen. Heine in an age but half emancipated from the so-called rules of Aristotle, and surrounded by those who could give a reason for every article of imaginative faith which they professed, played the double part of a rebel angel and delicious child. "English literature owes to Heine, if not directly, at least indirectly, and to elements first unchained by him, all that is most original, least servile, and most sensitive in the European arts of today," says Edmund Gosse. Heine's very powerlessness and faint intellectual beatings against the prison bars of life, have helped greatly to break down the stronghold of conventionality. It is precisely the mystery of Heine, his enigmatic smile, his want of definite outline, which, combined with the pure flame of his genius, have given to his arrogance and irony, his pity and indignation, his romantic melody and his capricious wit their triumphant charm. Wherever a new vision of beauty arises, wherever the false is mocked at and the true encouraged, wherever the conception of a young enthusiasm disturbs the comfortable inaction of the elderly, there Heine is present in spirit.

In the poetry of Robert Buchanan and James Thomson, the author of the *City of Dreadful Night*, the influence of Heine is clearly seen. Sharp in his *Earth's Voices* celebrates nature after the manner of Heine.

Concerning Heine's influence in America very little of a positive nature has been known. As early as 1885 C. G. Leland had declared in his preface to his translation of Heine's *Reisebilder*, that no living German writer had exerted an influence at all comparable to that of Heine, and that since Goethe, no author had penetrated so generally through every class of society. Mr. E. C. Stedman in his *Poets of America* (Boston, 1886) had called attention to the influence of Heine on Longfellow's *Hyperion* and *Voices of the Night* and had even gone so far as to point out some resemblances. Mr. Stedman was also struck by Poe's absolute love of beauty and was inclined to find a parallel in Heine's idolatry of the *Lady of Milo*. To Lowell belongs the

credit of discovering Heine's dominating influence on W. D. Howells. In some prose sketch of Howells, Lowell's keen analysis had found the Heine, and Lowell advised Howells to try to sweat the Heine out as men do mercury. Professor T. R. Lounsbury in his volume on J. F. Cooper in the *American Men of Letters* series noted some close similarities between Cooper's phrases and descriptions of events in Paris after the July Revolution, and those of Heine in the columns of the *Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung*. William Sharp in his *Life of Heine* (London, 1888) conjectured that Frank Stockton, the American humorist, derived hints for one or two of his best known tales from Heine's extravaganza *The White Elephant*, to be found in the *Romanzero*. Professor Brander Matthews in his *Introduction to American Literature* says that Longfellow's lyrics have a singing simplicity caught probably from German lyrists such as Uhland and Heine. Equally vague and inconclusive are the conjectures of C. F. Richardson, who in his *American Literature* acknowledges, in an indefinite manner, Longfellow's indebtedness to Heine, and hints at the possibility of this influence being present in R. H. Stoddard and W. W. Story. Concerning Heine's influence on the poetry of W. D. Howells, Richardson feels at liberty to express himself with more certainty and emphasis. The general scope and nature of Heine's influence are thus defined by W. D. Howells in *Harper's Magazine* (Vol. 107, pp. 480-483): "Heine remained an influence and force destined to be felt wherever and whenever literary art feels the need of liberation. What Heine does for the reader, who is also a writer, is to help him find his own true nature; to teach him that form which is the farthest from formality; to reveal to him the secret of being himself. He cannot impart the grace, the beauty in which he abounds, but if his lover has either in him, Heine will discover it to him. The delight of his instruction will be mainly aesthetic, but the final meaning of his life and work is deeply and sadly ethical."

After hearing the testimony of these authoritative voices concerning the extent and character of the influence exerted by Heine in America, one can realize the difficulty of giving a com-

plete account of such a pervading force. This force has manifested itself in both prose and verse, and has been operative since the publication of Haven's translation of *Die Romantische Schule* in Boston, in 1836. Heine's influence first appears in a positive form in Longfellow's *Hyperion* and continues to the present day, being still recognizable in the verse of such contemporary poets as Madison Cawein and Lilian Whiting, and in the novels of W. D. Howells and Marion Crawford.<sup>86</sup> Heine himself was well aware of his enormous popularity in America. Attacks on his character and works in Germany saddened his last days. During Meissner's last visit to him in the summer of 1854 Heine remarked: "How the journals calumniate me! What a miserable wretch am I, according to those articles. How many faults do they find in my works? If this goes on much farther I shall soon cease to be counted among the poets. I am treated so only in that Germany which I love so well, while France gives me nothing but words of praise, America reprints me, and scholars in New York and Albany make me the subject of their lectures."

#### HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807-1882).

German influence began to exert itself on Longfellow when he was a student, and continued to make itself felt in his later life during his first visit to Germany, in 1829. In August of the following year he returned to America, and was for five years professor of modern languages at Bowdoin College. Here he read more or less German literature. In April, 1835, Longfellow again sailed for Europe, traveled through Germany and Switzerland, and in the following October returned to America in order to become professor of modern languages at Harvard. He delivered lectures and wrote on German literature. In April, 1842, he went to Europe for the third time. In Germany he planned his *Christus*, made the acquaintance of Freiligrath, and turned

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<sup>86</sup> In view of this immense extent of Heine's influence, we will in our present section confine ourselves mainly to tracing the influence in American poetry, beginning with Longfellow and concluding with John Hay, Eugene Field, and others, who died but recently.

his attention to the *Jungdeutsche Schule*. Returning to America in the winter of 1842 he remained for twenty-five years in America, and delivered lectures on Goethe and Schiller, and published his *Poets and Poetry of Europe*, and read the works of Fichte, Kant, Grillparzer, Uhland and Heine. In 1868 he went to Europe for the last time, and on his return to America, read Schlegel, Grimm and Voss. Longfellow also felt the German influence through his friendly relations with Freiligrath, Karl Follen, Franz Lieber, Karl Schurz and Johann Georg Rohl. But not only in his life as a scholar and man do we observe the influence of German spirit and culture, but also in his poetical and prose works. Goethe interested him always and Richter was his favorite author. How deep and permanent his impressions of Germany were is evident in many passages. Especially is the Rhineland mentioned frequently. Longfellow's genius was almost feminine in its flexibility and sympathetic quality. It readily took the color of its surroundings and opened itself eagerly to impressions of the beautiful from every quarter, but especially from books. The young poet's fancy was instinctively putting out feelers toward the Old World. After his visit to Europe he returned deeply imbued with the spirit of romance. It was his mission to refine American tastes by revealing new springs of beauty in the literature of foreign tongues. His mission was interpretative; his inspiration came to him, in the first instance, from other sources than the common life about him. He naturally began as a translator, and in subtler ways than by direct translation he infused the fine essence of European poetry into his own. We have already noted the recognition and acknowledgment of Longfellow's indebtedness to Heine, by such eminent American littérateurs and critics as Richardson, Matthews, and Stedman. In previous sections we have discussed Longfellow's criticisms on Heine and his translation of *Nachts in der Kajüte* and various prose extracts from *Graham's Magazine*. Of the numerous quotations from *Die Romantische Schule* in *Hyperion* and *Poets and Poetry of Europe* we have already spoken. In his edition of *Poems of Places* Longfellow inserted a number of poems from Heine translated by various

men, and in the preface he said: "For myself, I confess that these poems have an indescribable charm, as showing how the affections of men have gone forth to their favorite haunts, and consecrated them forever."

In his article on Heine in *Graham's Magazine* Longfellow had said that Heine's style was remarkable for vigor, wit and brilliancy. Commenting on Heine's *Buch der Lieder* Longfellow wrote in his journal,<sup>87</sup> June 4, 1846: "A true summer morning, warm and breezy. F. sat under the linden-tree and read to me Heine's poems, while I lay under a hay-cock. . . . Heine, delicious poet, for such an hour! What a charm there is about his *Buch der Lieder*! Ah, here they would be held by most people as ridiculous. Many poetic souls there are here and many lovers of song; but life and its ways and ends are prosaic in this country to the last degree."

In Volume II, page 110, in the *Journal*, February 9, 1848, we read the following: "Received some German books—sketches of the German political lyric poets, with portraits. . . . Heine, a pleasant face, and indicating the sarcastic nature of the modern Scarron."

Writing to James T. Fields, from Nahant, August 15, 1859, Longfellow<sup>88</sup> comments on Heine's *Lutèce* as follows: "Read *Lutèce* by Henri Heine; spicy descriptions of Paris and Parisian notabilities in the days of Louis Philippe."

In a letter<sup>89</sup> to G. W. Greene, dated March 7, 1879, Longfellow says of Zandrini's translation of Heine: "A more important achievement is a translation of Heine's poems into Italian by Bernardino Zandrini—a volume of over four hundred pages, sent me by the translator, *desideroso di un suo guidizio*." As far as I have examined it, he has done his work well. And what a difficult work! There is evidently a great and strange fascination in translating. It seizes people with irresistible power and whirls them away till they are beside them-

<sup>87</sup> *Life of H. W. Longfellow*, edited by Samuel Longfellow. 3 Vols. Boston, 1893. Vol. II, p. 41.

<sup>88</sup> *Life of Longfellow*, by Samuel Longfellow. Vol. II, p. 372.

<sup>89</sup> Vol. III, p. 298.

selves. It is like a ghost beckoning me to follow." The foregoing quotations show how frequently Longfellow occupied himself with the reading and study of Heine's works, and we shall now proceed to consider the traces of Heine's influence which are recognizable in Longfellow's works, confining ourselves mainly to his poetry. Longfellow appears to have made his acquaintance with Heine's works very early in life, for in his sketch book *Outre-Mer* (1833 and 1835) where Irving's *Sketch Book* is the model, we can find traces of German influence, especially Heine's *Reisebilder*. Compare, for instance, the remarks made by Longfellow on the narrowness of the streets of Genoa with that of Heine in his *Reisebilder*, on the same point. In *Hyperion* (1839) he shows us pictures of German life and is full of allusions to German literature and quotations from Heine, Goethe and Jean Paul. The grotesque episode of Frau Kranick's tea in Ems is conceived entirely in the manner of Heine. The sentimental tone that prevades *Hyperion* is the very thing which Longfellow subsequently found fault with in the *Reisebilder*. The view of life presented in his *Hyperion* is optimistic, yet it is overhung with the same purple melancholy and affected by that same feeling of sadness so characteristic of some of Heine's verse in the *Buch der Lieder*. It was with justification that Poe called Longfellow a sentimentalist as Longfellow had called Heine, when speaking of the *Reisebilder*. Longfellow's fame began with the appearance in 1839 of his *Voices of the Night*. Only nine new pieces were in this book: these with the translations following have characteristics that his verse continued to display. *The Prelude* recalls Heine's third edition of the *Buch der Lieder* ("Das ist der alte Märchenwald," Elster, I, 8), then just published. Aside from the influence of Heine's manner as indicated in the melodious quality of the verse, the simplicity, the symbolism, the quiet, smooth beginning, these two preludes have many characteristics in common. The sylvan scene corresponds to *der alte Märchenwald*; the slumberous sound of the leaves of the patriarchal tree clapping their hands in glee, which brings the feelings of a dream, corresponds to



" Sie jubelt so traurig,  
Sie schluchzet so froh;  
Vergessene Träume erwachen."

Both preludes have the reverie, the visions of youth.

" Before me rose an avenue  
Of tall and sombrous pines";

reminds us of "Ich ging fürbass, und wie ich ging, so sah ich vor mir liegen auf freiem Platz ein grossés Schloss," etc. To Heine the sylvan scene recalls the vision of his youthful love and pain, to Longfellow it recalls the dreams of youth, visions of childhood that were so sweet and wild. Distant voices tell Longfellow that visions of childhood cannot stay, and that other themes now demand his lay. Henceforth his song must be, the forest where the din of iron branches sounds, and the river reflects the heavens all black with sin; all forms of sorrow, and delight,—these must now be his theme. We see here the deep tinge of melancholy which pervades Heine's *Vorrede zur dritten Auflage* of his *Buch der Lieder*. Longfellow realizes that delight exists together with sorrow. We are naturally reminded of the words of the nightingale in Heine's prelude:

" Die Nachtigall sang: O schöne Sphinx!  
O Liebe! was soll es bedeuten,  
Dass du vermischest mit Todesqual  
Alle deine Seligkeiten."

Later poems show very well that Longfellow caught the manner of Heine. In *The Day is Done*, *The Bridge*, *Twilight*, we find repeated the reverie and the favorite rhythm of Heine. These poems also reproduce the wonderful singing quality of Heine's verse, but of course they do not contain the scorn and passion of the German. Longfellow like Heine is the poet of sentiment. The spontaneous ease and grace are the best technical qualities of Longfellow's lyrics, and these qualities he derived chiefly from a careful study of Heine. In some poems Longfellow displays a subtlety in feeling and suggestiveness that remind us of Heine's lyrics. *The Fire of Driftwood* is the subtlest

thing in feeling that Longfellow ever wrote. If there is any particular in which Longfellow's inspiration came to him at first hand and not through books, it is in respect to aspects of the sea. On this theme no American poet has written more beautifully and with a keener sympathy than the author of *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, and of *Seaweed*. Yet Longfellow owes part of this inspiration to Heine's sea-poetry, *Die Nordsee*. The poem entitled the *Fire of Driftwood* reminds us of Heine's *Wir sassen am Fischerhause* (Elster, I, 98). The resemblances in theme and situation are of course merely accidental, but the manner, tone and spirit is the same in both poems. Compare for instance the first strophes of both poems:

“ Wir sassen am Fischerhause,  
Und schauten nach der See;  
Die Abendnebel kamen,  
Und stiegen in die Höhe.”

“ We sat within the farm-house old,  
Whose windows, looking o'er the bay,  
Gave to the sea-breeze damp and cold,  
An easy entrance night and day.”

*The Open Window* reproduces admirably the favorite rhythm, the tone, spirit, simplicity, suggestiveness, melody, grace and charm of Heine's songs. The theme is, to be sure, hardly Heine-like, but everything else is decidedly in Heine's characteristic manner. Other examples of the influence of Heine's technique might be mentioned, but these will suffice to convince us that the grace that takes the ear with delight, the singing simplicity and all other fascinating characteristics of Longfellow's lyrics are mostly copied from Heine, although the influence of Uhland is also very strong.

Heine begins quietly, smoothly. He produces his effect not by direct delineation or representation, but by the suggestion of the less important of the small things in which the great are reflected. Remarkable is Heine's style for condensation, pregnant brevity, and subtle suggestiveness. These characteristics of

Heine's technique Longfellow endeavored to imitate and in the poems mentioned he succeeds well. But Longfellow was not a mocker and he did not permit a discordant note to jingle in his lyrics, and consequently the sudden revulsion of mood, so often found in the last lines of Heine's poems, is entirely absent. How successfully Longfellow was able to imitate Heine's technique is well illustrated by the poem entitled *Twilight*, which may be compared to Heine's *Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter* (Elster, I, 109):

The twilight is sad and cloudy,  
The wind blows wild and free,  
And like the wings of sea-birds  
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage  
There shines a ruddier light,  
And a little face at the window  
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,  
As if those childish eyes  
Were looking into the darkness  
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow  
Is passing to and fro,  
Now rising to the ceiling,  
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean  
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,  
As they beat at the crazy casement,  
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,  
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,  
As they beat at the heart of the mother,  
Drive the color from her cheek?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819-1891).

If some small savor creep into my rhyme  
 Of the old poets; if some words I use,  
 Neglected long, which have the lusty thews  
 Of that gold-haired and earnest-hearted time,  
 Whose loving joy and sorrow all sublime  
 Have given our tongue its starry eminence,  
 It is not pride, God knows, but reverence  
 Which hath grown in me since my childhood's prime.

—James Russell Lowell.

In mature youth Lowell took his seat in the Harvard Chair of Modern Languages, succeeding Longfellow as professor in 1855. Already possessing scholarly knowledge of the German language and literature, Lowell in 1851 visited Europe and widened his acquaintance with modern languages. A little volume of poems entitled *A Year's Life* appeared in 1841. This was marked by no great originality. In these early verses Lowell showed himself to be a young man of sentiment and sometimes of sentimentality. Margaret Fuller asserted that neither the imagery nor the music of his verse was his own. The lines quoted above acknowledge the force of this criticism. The influence of Wordsworth and Tennyson may be distinctly traced in most of his early poems. But Lowell was not so spontaneously and exclusively a poet as Longfellow. His prose is superior; wit sparkles through his essays and in the best parts of the *Fable for Critics* and *Biglow Papers*. The influence of Heine can be traced in Lowell's prose and poetry. For his brilliant wit and satirical style Lowell is greatly indebted to Heine. *Atta Troll* and *Deutschland* were favorites with Lowell, and his penchant for satire was stimulated and developed by the perusal and study of these satirical poems. That *Atta Troll* constantly haunted his mind we are assured by the well-known sonnet *The Dancing Bear*, previously quoted.

Lowell in his essay on *Lessing* shows us how well he was acquainted with *Deutschland*. In discussing Lowell's criticisms on Heine we pointed out his appreciation of the German's wit,

humor, pathos, grace and dainty lightness. Lowell's *Harvard Anniversary Address* (1886) contains reference to Leland's translation of Heine's *Reisebilder*, and to Heine's hating the Romans because they invented the Latin language.

His essay on *Witchcraft* contains comment on the quotation from Heine: "Genau bei Weibern, Weiss man neimals wo der Engel aufhört und der Teufel anfängt." Should we require further proof of Lowell's familiarity with Heine's characteristic style we may get it from W. D. Howells' book entitled *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* (New York, 1900). On his first visit to New England Mr. Howells visited Lowell and told him of the trouble he had in finding him, and could not help dragging in something about Heine's search for Börne when he went to see him in Frankfurt. Then Lowell spoke to Howells about Heine and when Howells showed his ardor for the German poet, he sought to temper it with some judicious criticisms and told Howells that he had kept the first poem he had sent him for the *Atlantic Monthly* for the long time it had been unacknowledged to make sure it was not a translation from Heine. Mr. Howells in his volume entitled *My Literary Passions* tells us that in some prose sketch of his, Lowell's keen analysis had found the Heine, and that Lowell advised him to sweat the Heine out of his bones as men do mercury.

Lowell's fine prose style shows the influence of Heine in the airy lightness, wit, humor, grace and satirical pungency. The great difference between Lowell's early prose and that of his mature style is attributable to the aesthetic lessons from Heine; we observe a change from polixity, bombast, ambiguity, affectedness, flatness, sterility, and heaviness to simplicity, lightness, brevity, naturalness, vigor, brilliancy, wit, humor and epigrammatic charm. Many of the witticisms, epigrams and satirical shafts can be traced back to similar utterances in the *Reisebilder*, *Atta Troll* and *Deutschland*. But we must confine ourselves to Heine's influence on Lowell's poetry and content ourselves with the above remarks on the development of the American critic's prose style.

Lowell's verse, while lacking to some extent the evenness and instinctive grace of Heine's lyrics, yet displays the same melodious qualities and sentimentality. The poem *In the Twilight Deep and Silent* repeats the reverie, longing, sentimentality, subtle suggestiveness and imagery of Heine's lyrics. The calm beginning, simplicity and melodious flow of verse also remind us of Heine's manner. Quite in the manner of Heine is also the song *What Reck I of the Stars?*" The technique and sentimentality of the poem reminds us of *Das Meer hat seine Perlen*.

In the poem *From the Close-shut Windows Gleams No Spark* we find Heine's melancholy sigh, longing, subtle suggestiveness, pregnant condensation, sentimentality, but not his gleam of scorn or mockery. Heine's influence is again strongly in evidence in the sentimentality of such early lyrics as *O Moonlight Deep and Tender*. Of the most convincing nature are the traces of Heine's influence in the poem *The Captive*. Here we have the manner of Heine's ballads imitated. If we compare it, for instance, with *The Pilgrimage to Kevlaar*, we see that the methods employed to produce the effect are precisely the same; especially is this noticeable in the incompleteness and suggestiveness. The gift of describing by means of introducing characters into lyric poetry was common to both Heine and Lowell. Another striking similarity is the imagery and symbolism employed in the seventh strophe of this same poem, *The Captive*. Let us compare it with Heine's matchless and famous poem *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*:

Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam  
Im Norden auf kahler Höh'  
Ihn schläfert; mit weisser Decke  
Umhüllen ihn Eis und Schnee.  
Er träumt von einer Palme,  
Die fern im Morgenland  
Einsam und schweigend trauert  
Auf brennender Felsenwand.

The seventh strophe of Lowell's poem, *The Captive*, is as follows:

On a green spot in the desert,  
Gleaming like an emerald star,  
Where a palm-tree, in lone silence,  
Yearning for its mate afar,  
Droops above a silver runnel,  
Slender as a scimitar.

Lowell undoubtedly had Heine's famous poem in mind when he wrote these lines. Anyone at all familiar with Heine's manner and technique in his ballads will be at once struck by the resemblance and influence which such ballads as *The Captive* present. Heine's influence is chiefly discernible in the manner employed by Lowell in his lyrical poems to produce his effect. Accordingly he does this by suggestion, and indirect representation as Heine always does. Lowell, however, was not so felicitous in reproducing the perfection, grace, subtlety of thought and aroma of Heine's lyrics. In this respect Lowell was surpassed by Longfellow, who succeeded admirably in imitating Heine's cadences and style in many poems.

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825-1878).

Taylor was a man of buoyant and eager nature; he possessed a remarkable memory, a talent for learning languages, and too great a readiness to take on the hue of his favorite books. His poetry, though full of glow and picturesqueness is largely imitative, suggesting Tennyson not infrequently, but more often Shelley. The dangerous quickness with which he caught the manner of other poets made him an admirable parodist and enabled him to give us his wonderful translation of *Faust*. The dominant German influence in Taylor is, of course, Goethe. His whole life may be said to have been devoted to the study of Goethe's life and works. In his twelve lectures on German literature delivered at Cornell University, Taylor concludes with Jean Paul. Of Heine, Taylor speaks but seldom in his various works. In *Views A-foot* (Chapter XI) Taylor while speaking of Freiligrath remarked: "He (Freiligrath) is now in Paris, where Heine and Herwegh, two of Germany's finest poets, both banished for the same reason, are living. The free spirit which charac-

terizes these men, who come from among the people, shows plainly the tendency of the times."

From references in *Views A-foot* and *By-Ways of Europe* to the Lorelei legend and Barbarossa in *Kyffhäuser*, and from his remarks<sup>90</sup> on John B. Phillips' translation of Heine's *Gods of Greece*, we learn of Taylor's familiarity with Heine's poems. C. G. Leland in his *Memoirs* (New York, 1893, p. 228) tells us that Taylor read in conjunction with Thackeray, his (Leland's) translation of Heine's *Reisebilder* (1855).

Heine's influence on Taylor was slight and manifested itself chiefly in his use of the ballad or folksong measures and in the simplicity of diction. The poem *On The Headland* ("The Poet's Journal") repeats Heine's favorite rhythm and also his longing and sentimentality. The same rhythm is found in *Exorcism*, *Squandered Lives*, *In Winter*, etc. Heine's symbolism of *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam* is evidently copied in the title of Taylor's poem *The Palm and the Pine*, although there is no other resemblance between the two poems. *A Picture* (*Poems and Lyrics*) is somewhat in Heine's manner, repeating the favorite rhythm, reverie, subtle suggestiveness, and longing. The same smooth and quiet beginning, the vision, the passion and feeling of desolation that we find so frequently in Heine, is characteristic of *A Picture*. Peculiarly Heineesque is the sudden recovery from the reverie and revulsion of mood as expressed in the last strophe of this poem (*A Picture*):

I see him through the doleful shades  
Press onward, sad and slow,  
Till from my dream the picture fades,  
And from my heart the woe.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

In his *Reminiscences* R. H. Stoddard leads us to believe that he was not a scholar and was not able to read foreign languages. But he tells us that it was his custom to read translations of

<sup>90</sup> *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, edited by Taylor & Scudder. 4th Ed. Boston, 1885. Vol. II, p. 55.



Goethe's works and Bowring's translations from European languages. He was united in bonds of personal friendship and literary enthusiasm with such good German scholars as Bayard Taylor, George Boker, E. C. Stedmann and Eugene Field, all well acquainted with the works of Heine. Under these circumstances it is highly improbable that such an eminent lyric poet and literary critic as Stoddard should have been ignorant of Heine's lyrics. Positive and undeniable traces of Heine influence can be found in Stoddard's poems. The spontaneous and imaginative music of his verse is produced largely by Heine's technique. Pessimistic and aging strains betokening a sense of life's weariness and uncertain skies, pervade a good deal of Stoddard's poetry and remind us of the "Weltschmerz" of Heine's poems. Concerning this echo in Stoddard, Richardson<sup>91</sup> says: "Let his best and brightest self sing down in a lyric, or weigh down with some strong line from sonnet or ode, such anacreontic memories, such Cis-Atlantic echoes or sympathetic answers of Heine,—whose influence in the world I am almost ready to declare mischievous." By "anacreontic memories" Richardson means Stoddard's songs on Asiatic themes. Richardson,<sup>92</sup> who classes Heine with the poets of the lesser order (Sappho, Horace, Petrarch, Gray, Wordsworth), disapproves of this Heine influence in the poems of Stoddard. How admirably Stoddard could imitate Heine's lyrics will be obvious if we compare his poem *Thou Pallid Fisherm maiden* with Heine's celebrated *Du schönes Fischer-mädchen*.

*The Sea.*<sup>93</sup>

(*The Lover.*)

Thou pallid fisherm maiden,  
That standest by the shore,  
Why dost thou watch the ocean.  
And hearken to its roar?

<sup>91</sup> *American Literature*, by C. F. Richardson. New York, 1895. Vol. II, p. 253.

<sup>92</sup> *American Literature*, Vol. II, p. 151.

<sup>93</sup> *The Poems of R. H. Stoddard*. Complete Edition. New York, 1882, p. 75.

It is some Danish sailor,  
That sails the Spanish main:  
Nor will thy roses redden  
Till he returns again.

Thou simple fisher maiden,  
He cares no more for thee:  
He sleeps with the mermaidens,  
The witches of the sea.

Thou should'st not watch the ocean  
And hearken to its roar,  
When bridal bells are ringing  
In little kirks ashore.

Go, dress thee for thy bridal,  
A stalwart man like me  
Is worth a thousand sailors,  
Whose bones are in the sea.

A finer imitation of Heine's *Du schönes Fischer mädchen* could scarcely be made. The rhythm, tone, spirit, theme, sentiment and manner are identical in both poems. The first line is almost a translation; the adjective pallid is more appropriate to a fisher maiden than "schönes." Of poems repeating and re-echoing the "Weltschmerz" and pessimism, Stoddard has written very many. These can be easily found and the Heine influence detected. But we shall conclude our study on Stoddard by quoting one more delicious lyric which we regard as an imitation of Heine's familiar vein:

*The Sea.*<sup>94</sup>

(*The Lover.*)

You stooped and picked a red lipped shell,  
Beside the shining sea;  
"This little shell, when I am gone,  
Will whisper still of me."  
I kissed your hands upon the sands,  
For you were kind to me.

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<sup>94</sup> *Poems of R. H. Stoddard.* New York, 1882, p. 59.

I hold the shell against my ear,  
And hear its hollow roar;  
It speaks to me about the sea,  
But speaks of you no more.  
I face the sands, and wring my hands,  
For you are kind no more.

CHARLES GODFREY LELAND (1824-1903).

While in Germany during the years 1845-48 Leland<sup>95</sup> read broad and wide in German literature, as may be found by examining the notes to his translation of Heine's works. In Germany he became a pupil of Professor Friedrich Thiersch who trained Heine to art. Leland made the acquaintance of Ole Bull, the violinist, who told much about Heine. Ole Bull had known Heine very well and he described to Leland his brilliancy in the most distinguished literary society, where in French the German wit bore away the palm from all Frenchmen. "Heine flashed and sprayed in brilliancy like a fountain." In this manner Leland's enthusiastic admiration for Heine originated. Heine dominated his thoughts henceforth, and all his literary work showed clearly the powerful influence. Of Leland as a critic and translator we have already spoken in preceding sections. In the preface to his translation of the *Reisebilder* Leland had declared that no living German writer had exerted an influence comparable to that of Heine, and that since Goethe, no author had penetrated so generally through every class of society. Traces of Heine's influence appeared in Leland's early works. The *Hans Breitmann Ballads* are written in English as imperfectly spoken by Germans. Hans is a jocose burlesque of a type of Germans. Teutonic philosophy and sentiment, beer, music and romance have been made the medium for laughter. Leland jests with the new German philosophy in the manner of Heine. Breitmann is represented as one of the battered types of the men of '48, whose education had led him to scepticism and indifference. His mockery reminds us of Heine's predominant vein. But in the case of Breitmann the mockery is accidental and naïve, while Heine's is keen and deliberate. Breitmann's mockery differs from Heine's as drollery differs from brilliant satire.

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<sup>95</sup> *Memoirs* by C. G. Leland. New York, 1893, p. 156.

These poems abound in words, phrases, suggestions, and couplets borrowed from old ballads, from Heine and from other sources. We have burlesque imitations of familiar ballads of Goethe and Heine. The influence of Heine is also discernible in the simplicity of diction and versification, melody and the "Volkslied" tone that prevails throughout the various ballads and songs. Concerning Heine's wit Hans Breitmann remarks:

'Twas like de sayin' that Heine  
Hafe no witz in him goot or bad:  
Boat he only kept sayin' witty dings,  
To make beoples pelieve he had.

We often get an echo from a Heine lyric in a couplet, as in *Am Rhein*, No. 11, where the following lines remind us of similar ones in the *Lorelei*:

Am Rhein! Again am Rhein!  
In boat oopon der Rhein!  
De castle-bergs soft goldnen  
Im Abendsonnenschein.

A fine imitation or burlesque of Heine's *Ich bin die Prinzessin Ilse* is to be found in the ballad *Der noble Ritter Hugo*. In this ballad we are also reminded of Heine's *Lorelei* and Goethe's *Fischer*. But it bears the closest resemblance to the *Prinzessin Ilse*. Leland has caught the manner of Heine admirably in this ballad, imitating every characteristic feature.

#### *Ballad.*

Der noble Ritter Hugo  
Von Schwillensaufenstein,  
Rode out mit shpeer and helmet,  
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop der rose a meer maid,  
Vot hadn't got nodings on,  
Und she says, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,  
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de greenwood  
Mit helmet und mit spheer,  
Till I cooms into ein Gasthaus  
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outspoke de maiden  
Vot hadn't got nodings on:  
"I ton't dink mooch of beoplesh  
Dat goes mit demselfs alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,  
Vere dere's heaps of dings to see,  
Und haf a shplendid tinner  
Und drafel along mit me.

"Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin,  
Und you catches dem efery one."—  
So sang die wasser maiden  
Vot hadn't got nodings on.

"Dere ish drunks all full mit money  
In ships dat vent down of old;  
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder!  
To shimmerin crowns of gold.

"Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches!  
Shoost see dese diamant rings!  
Coom down und full your bockets,  
Und I'll giss you like avery dings.

"Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager?  
Coom down into der Rhine!  
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne  
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine!"

Dat fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound;  
She pooled his coat-tails down,  
She drewed him oonder der wasser,  
De maiden mit nodings on.

The coupling of love and death so characteristic of Heine's poems finds an echo in Leland's volume entitled *The Music Lesson of Confucius and Other Poems* (Boston, 1872). This fact is well exemplified in the poem *The Fountain Fay*, which is a sort

of *Lorelei*. The motto of this poem might very well be the lines from Heine's prelude to the third edition of his *Book of Songs*, from which the inspiration is drawn:

Entzückende Marter und wonniges Weh!  
Der Schmerz wie die Lust unermesslich!  
Derweilen des Mundes Kuss mich beglückt,  
Verwunden die Tatzen mich grässlich

Die Nachtigall sang: "O schöne Sphinx!  
O Liebe! was soll es bedeuten,  
Dass du vermischest mit Todesqual  
All deine Seligkeiten?"

*The Fountain-Fay.*<sup>96</sup>

Ye gentles all who love your life  
Beware, beware the water wife!

She singeth soft, she singeth low;  
Her lute is the mountain-streamlet's flow;

Her harp the pine-wood's mournful moan;  
She sits in the forest and sings alone.

And her songs, like rippling rivers roll;  
Beware, beware, ere they drown the soul!

Ride where you may, ride where you will,  
The Fountain-Fay may meet you still.

He rode alone in the silent night,  
She swam like a star to his left and right.

He rode by the linden blooming fair,  
The wood-bird sung: "Oh, boy, beware!"

He came to the fountain in the wood;  
The Fay in her beauty before him stood.

In the starlight, silver sparkling glance  
Her sisters swam in the Elfin dance.

"Alight, young minstrel, brave and gay,  
And sing us thy sweetest, strangest lay!"

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<sup>96</sup> *The Music Lesson of Confucius and Other Poems*, by C. G. Leland. Boston, 1872, pp. 102-103.

He tuned his lute, and the tinkling sounds  
Flitted like birds through the greenwood bounds.

He sang so sweet—he sang so long,  
The flower-buds opened to hear his song.

He sang so gently of maiden love,  
He ripened the fruit on the boughs above.

“Far in the East is a rosy light;  
What shall he have for his song this night?”

“I ask no more for lute and lay,  
Than a kiss from the lips of the Fountain-Fay.”

She kissed him once—to the minstrel's sight  
The world seemed melting in golden light.

Once more and his soul to the land of the fay  
In beauty and music seemed floating away.

As she kissed him, again the spirit had fled:  
He lay in the moon-rays, cold and dead.

But far from above a whisper fell:  
“Green earth, with thy valleys and lakes—farewell!”

Ye who know not the life of poesy,  
Of beauty, romance, and fantasie!

And who think there can be no world like this,  
Beware of the fairy—beware her kiss.

It is hardly necessary to observe that to this Heineesque poem Leland has added didactic features entirely foreign to Heine's manner. Instead of the nightingale of Heine's prelude who asks the sphinx for a solution of the mystery of this coupling of pleasure and pain, or love and death, Leland's didacticism induces him to introduce and substitute the wood-bird telling the boy to beware of the Fay. The poem *Waking Dreams*<sup>97</sup> repeats Heine's unlabored imagery, reverie, condensation, and subtle suggestiveness together with his yearning and disappointment:

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<sup>97</sup> *Music Lesson of Confucius*, p. 128.

That thought is no reality,  
 Oft waking with a start, we find;  
 But from reality take thought,—  
 How little then remains behind.

I walk the greenwood all alone,  
 And thou in spirit by my side;  
 Ah, then, thou art, indeed, my own,  
 A something more than earthly bride.

A dead leaf falls, the vision flies  
 Like morning mist from mountain stream;  
 Yet take that vision from my life,  
 And life itself were but a dream.

Another poem in this same volume (*Music Lesson of Confucius*) displaying Heine influence is the one entitled *The Dream* (p. 88). As usual Leland adds a prefatory strophe which Heine's suggestive manner would have left to the imagination. The symbolism employed in this poem by Leland also reminds us of Heine's manner. The effect is produced by indirect representation. The sentiment is also quite that of Heine.

An ancient dream has wandered  
 Through earth since the earliest time,  
 And he o'er whom it sweepeth  
 Grows stern—or it may be weepeth,  
 Like one who suffers with longing  
 For a sweet yet terrible crime.

It hath but a single picture:  
 A fountain which leaps and foams,  
 And by it a woman sits yearning,  
 Starting 'mid reveries—burning  
 For a love which never comes.

The fountain leaps up in passion,  
 Darts out in a gleaming pain;  
 And the longing of him who dreameth,  
 And the passion of her who seemeth,  
 Fall back into foam again.



The influence of Heine's method of description and imagery is seen in Leland's poem *Eva*.<sup>98</sup> The manner is that of Heine's *Sapphire sind die Augen dein*.

*Eva.*

I've seen bright eyes like mountain lakes,  
Reflecting heaven's blue;  
And some like black-volcano gulfs,  
With wild fire flashing through.

But thine are like the eternal skies,  
Which draw the soul afar—  
Their every glance a meteor,  
And every thought a star,

Some lips when robbed seem cherries sweet,  
Small sin to those who stole—  
But thine are like the Eden fruit,  
Whose theft may cost a soul.

Oh coral fruit of paradise!  
Who would not grasp the prize?  
With heaven so near to bring him back,  
In those eternal eyes.

In this poem we have once more the co-existence of pleasure and pain, love and death, the surest evidence of Heine's influence in modern poetry. Entirely in the manner of Heine and possessing characteristics only found united in Heine's poetry is Leland's poem *Then and Now*.<sup>99</sup> The pregnant brevity, the subtlety of thought and suggestiveness, and particularly the last two lines in their epigrammatic turn are peculiar to Heine:

*Then and Now.*

We met and spoke in darkness,  
But my spirit knew your grace,  
And my heart had felt your fetters  
Ere my eyes had seen your face.

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<sup>98</sup> *Music Lesson of Confucius*, p. 118.

<sup>99</sup> *Music Lesson of Confucius*, p. 123.

That evening dream is over,  
 No cloud between us rolls;  
 Now the light is on our faces,  
 And the darkness in our souls.

If the manner, tone and spirit of Heine are well reflected and repeated in *Then and Now*, his reverie, passion, longing, disappointment and despair are well reproduced in Leland's *Paradise Lost*,<sup>100</sup> where Heine's manner is also imitated.

*Paradise Lost.*

And we are in the winter,  
 Sadly chilled with frost and snow!  
 Oh, how strange amid my memories  
 Seems last summer's rosy glow.

When your bright eyes opened on me,  
 Like two dew-filled lotus flowers,  
 When I saw myself reflected  
 In the depths of heaven's bowers.

But in my deepest rapture  
 It all vanished—and I fell  
 Back to artificial roses:—  
 Heavenly lotus, fare thee well!

Many more poems might be cited which show Heine's influence in thought, tone and manner, but lack of space forbids; and we shall conclude our study of Leland's poems by quoting one more very characteristic poem, *The Mountain and Sea*.<sup>101</sup>

*The Mountain and Sea.*

When gazing on a summer sea  
 Beneath a purple sky,  
 It oft has seemed a mountain ridge  
 Far rising blue and high.

Now gazing inland and afar,  
 The thought still comes to me,  
 How much yon distant mountain line  
 Is like the dim blue sea.

<sup>100</sup> *Music Lesson of Confucius*, p. 145.

<sup>101</sup> *Music Lesson of Confucius*, p. 129.

When thou art seated by my side  
Loved memories ever rise;  
When thou art gone up swells the tide  
Of those sweet, sea-blue eyes.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837- ).

"I have never greatly loved an author, without wishing to write like him."

—W. D. Howells, *My Literary Passions*.

Mr. Howells was born in Ohio. His early life was that of a western country editor. In 1860 he published jointly with his friend, Piatt, a book of verse, *Poems of Two Friends*. His part was remarkable for little but for its imitation of well-known themes and styles. Some years later he published a volume of poems all his own. The work in this little book was neatly executed; it contained delicate poetical conceits and flights of fancy; but it was poor poetry and failed to gain for its author acceptance as a poet of mark and eminence. In 1860 Mr. Howells did not wish to be anything else but a poet. Lowell had accepted and begun to print in the *Atlantic Monthly* five or six poems of his. Besides this he had written poems and sketches, and criticisms for the *Saturday Press*, of New York, and he was always writing poems and sketches, and criticisms in his own paper. He read Thackeray, Eliot, Hawthorne, Reade, De Quincey, Tennyson, Longfellow and Heine and ever more Heine, where there was not something new from the others. Mr. Howells has done his work of autobiography with such candor and thoroughness that we shall let him relate his experience with the works of Heine in his own words. In his book entitled *My Literary Passions*.<sup>102</sup> Mr. Howells tells us how he was initiated into the study of German after he left his position as city editor in Cincinnati and returned to his home in Columbus, Ohio: "At the same time I took up the study of German, which I must have already played with, at such odd times as I could find. My father knew something of it, and that friend of mine among the printers was already reading it

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<sup>102</sup> New York, 1895, p. 165 f.

and trying to speak it. I had their help with the first steps so far as the recitations from Ollendorf were concerned, but I was impatient to read German, or rather to read one German poet, who had seized my fancy from the first line of his I had seen. This poet was Heinrich Heine, who dominated me longer than any one author that I have known. Where and when I first acquainted myself with his most fascinating genius, I cannot be sure, but I think it was in some article of the *Westminster Review*, where several poems of his were given in French and German; and their singular beauty and grace at once possessed my soul. I was in a fever to know more of him, and it was my great good luck to fall in with a German in the village who had his books. He was a book-binder, one of those educated artisans whom the Revolution of 1848 sent to us in great numbers. He was a Hanoverian and his accent was then, I believe, the standard, though Berlineser is now the accepted pronunciation. But I cared very little for accent; my wish was to get at Heine with as little delay as possible, and I began to cultivate the friendship of that book-binder in every way. . . . I clothed him in all the romantic interest, I began to feel for his race and language, which now took the place of the Spaniards and Spanish in my affections. He was of very quick and gay intelligence, with more sympathy for my love of my author's humor than for my love of his sentiment, and I can remember very well the twinkle of his little sharp, black eyes with their Tartar slant, and the twitching of his keenly-pointed sensitive nose, when we came to some passage of biting satire, or some phrases in which the bitter Jew had unpacked all the insult of his soul. We began to read Heine together when my vocabulary had to be dug almost word by word out of the dictionary, for the bookbinder's English was rather scanty at the best, and was not literary. As for the grammar, I was getting that up as fast as I could from Ollendorf, and from other sources, but I was enjoying Heine before I well knew a declension or a conjugation. As soon as my task was done at the office, I went home to the books and worked away at them until supper. Then my book-binder and I met in my father's editorial room, and with a couple of candles on the table, between us, and our Heine and

the dictionary before us, we read until we were both tired out. . . . It seems to have been summer when our reading began. . . . I can see the perspiration on the shining forehead of the book-binder as he looks up from some brilliant passage, to exchange a smile of triumph with me at having made out the meaning with the meagre facilities we had for that purpose. Sometimes in the truce we made with the text, he told a little story of his life at home, or some anecdote relevant to our reading, or quoted a passage from some other author. It seemed to me the make of a high intellectual banquet, and I should be glad if I could enjoy anything as much now. We walked home as far as his house; . . . we exchanged a joyous 'Gute Nacht,' and I kept on homeward through the dark and silent village street, which was really not that street, but some other where Heine had been, some street out of the *Reisebilder*, of his knowledge or of his dream. When I reached home it was useless to go to bed. I shut myself into my little study, and went over what we had read, till my brain was so full of it that when I crept up to my room at last, it was to lie down to slumbers which were often mere phantasmagory of those witching *Pictures of Travel*. . . . The German of Heine when once you are in the yoke of his capricious genius, is very simple, and in his poetry it is simple from the first, so that he was perhaps the best author I would have fallen in with if I wanted to go fast rather than far. I found this out later when I attempted other German authors without the glitter of his wit or the lambent glow of his fancy to light me on my hard way. I should find it hard to say just why his peculiar genius had such an absolute fascination for me from the very first and perhaps I had better content myself with saying simply that my literary liberation began with almost the earliest word from him; for if he chained me to himself, he freed me from all other bondage. I had been at infinite pains from time to time, now upon one model, now upon another. . . . I had supposed with the sense at times that I was wrong, that the expression of literature must be different from the expression of life; that it must be an attitude, a pose, with something of state or at least of formality in it; that it must be this style, and not

that, that it must be like that sort of acting which you know is acting when you see it and never mistake for reality. There are a great many children apparently grown up, and largely accepted as critical authorities, who are still of this youthful opinion of mine. But Heine at once showed me that this ideal of literature was false; that the life of literature was from the springs of the best common speech, and that the nearer it could be made to conform in voice, look and gait, to graceful, easy picturesque and humorous or impassioned talk, the better it was. He did not impart those truths without imparting certain tricks with them, which I was careful to imitate as soon as I began to write in his manner, that is to say instantly; . . . my final lesson from him, or the final effect of all my lessons from him, was to find myself, and to be for good or evil whatsoever I really was. I kept on writing as much like Heine as I could for several years, though, and for a much longer time than I should have done if I had ever become equally impassioned of any other author. Some traces of his method lingered so long in my work that nearly ten years afterward Mr. Lowell wrote me about something of mine that he had been reading. 'You must sweat the Heine out of your bones as men do mercury.' And his kindness for me would not be content with less than the entire expulsion of the poison that had in its good time saved my life. I dare say it was all well enough not to have it in my bones after it had done its office, but it did do its office. It was in some prose sketch of mine that his keen analysis had found the Heine, but the foreign property had been so prevalent in my earlier work in verse that he kept the first contribution he accepted from me for the *Atlantic Monthly* a long time, or long enough to make sure that it was not a translation of Heine. Then he printed it, and I am bound to say that the poem now justifies his doubt to me, in so much that I do not see why Heine should not have had the name of writing it if he had wanted. His potent spirit became immediately so wholly my control, as the mediums say, that my poems might as well have been communications from him as far as any authority of my own was concerned; and they were quite like other inspirations from the other world in being so inferior to the work of the spirit

before it had the misfortune to be disembodied and obliged to use a medium. But I do not think that either Heine or I had much lasting harm from it, and I am sure that the good, in my case at least, was one that can only end with me. He undid my hands, which I had taken such pains to tie behind my back, and he forever persuaded me that though it may be ingenious and surprising to dance in chains, it is neither pretty nor useful."

If all authors were as frank in acknowledging their indebtedness as Mr. Howells, investigations like this would be quite unnecessary. It remains for us merely to add to and exemplify Mr. Howells' remarks just quoted. He tells us also in his *Literary Passions* that he went on reading his adored Heine much more than Goethe, Schiller or Uhland. He went on writing him too, just as he went on reading and writing Tennyson. Heine was always a personal interest with him and every word of his made Howells long to have him say it to him, and tell him why he said it. Heine bore to him the message of humanity. He knew the ugliness of Heine's nature; his revengefulness, and malice, and cruelty, and treachery and uncleanness; and yet he found him supremely charming among the poets he read. The tenderness Mr. Howells still feels for Heine is not a reasoned love, as he himself acknowledges. Mr. Howells had a room-mate in Columbus, Ohio, who was a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly* and who read Browning as devotedly as Mr. Howells read Heine. What Mr. Howells could not endure without pangs of secret jealousy was that his room-mate should like Heine, too, and should read him, though in an English version. Concerning this intruder Mr. Howells writes in his *Literary Passions*: "He (Mr. Howells' room-mate) had found the origin of those tricks and turns of Heine's in *Tristram Shandy* and the *Sentimental Journey*; and this galled me, as if he had shown that some mistress of my soul had studied her graces from another girl, and that it was not all her own hair that she wore. I hid my rancor as well as I could, and took what revenge lay in my power by insinuating that he might have a very different view if he read Heine in the original."

While he was in Venice as United States Consul, Mr. Howells devoted most of his leisure hours to the study of Italian literature. For the present he went no further in German literature, and he recurred to it in later years only for deeper and fuller knowledge of Heine. In his *Literary Friends and Acquaintances* (New York, 1900) he tells us that when he was on his first visit to New England in 1860, he was resolved above all things to see things as Heinrich Heine saw them, or at least to report them as he did, no matter how they appeared. He went about framing phrases to this end, and trying to match the objects of interest to them whenever there was the least chance of getting them together. He was the mere response and hollow echo of Heine. *The Italian Journeys* appeared in 1869 and showed distinct traces of Heine's influence in the pseudo-cynicism, satirical tone, and sentimentality. In speaking of Genoa he repeats the remark from *Reisebilder* that the streets of Genoa are so narrow that the people sit and talk in their doorways, and touch knees with the people sitting and talking on the thresholds of the opposite side. When Mr. Howells classes the French commercial travelers as "cattle" we are reminded of Heine's famous division of the inhabitants of Göttingen (in *Harzreise*) into professors, students, philistines and cattle. To illustrate the influence of Heine on Mr. Howells' early prose style, manifesting itself in pseudo-cynicism, satire, wit, humor and epigram, we shall quote a passage from Chapter VI of the *Italian Journeys*: "Like the Englishman who had no prejudices, I do hate a Frenchman; and there were many Frenchmen among our passengers on the *Messina* in whose company I could hardly have been happy, had I not seen them horribly seasick. After the imprudent old gentleman of the sardines and fruit-pie, these wretched Gauls were the first to be seized with the malady, which became epidemic, and they were miserable up to the last moment on board. To the enormity of having been born Frenchmen they added the crime of being commercial travellers,—a class of fellow-men of whom we know little at home, but who are met everywhere in European travel. They spend more than half their lives in movement from place to place, and they learn to snatch from every kind of travel its meagre



comforts, with an insolent disregard of the rights and feelings of other passengers. They excuse an abominable trespass with a cool 'Pardon!' take the best seat everywhere, and especially treat women with savage rudeness, to which an American vainly endeavors to accustom his temper. I have seen commercial travellers of all nations, and I think I must award the French nation the discredit of producing the most odious commercial travellers in the world. The Englishman of this species wraps himself in his rags, and rolls into his corner, defiantly, but not aggressively boorish; the Italian is almost a gentleman; the German is apt to take sausage out of a newspaper and cut it with his penknife; the Frenchman aggravates human nature beyond endurance by his restless ill-breeding, and his evident intention not only to keep all his own advantages, but to steal some of yours upon the first occasion. There were three of these monsters on our steamer: a slight, bloodless young man, with pale blue eyes and an incredulous grin; another, a gigantic, full-bearded animal in spectacles; the third an infamous, plump, little creature, in absurdly tight pantaloons, with a cast in his eye, and a habit of sucking his teeth at table. When this wretch was not writhing in the agonies of sea-sickness, he was on deck with his comrades, lecturing them upon various things, to which the bloodless young man listened with his incredulous grin, and the bearded giant in spectacles attended with a choked look about the eyes, like a suffering ox. They were constantly staggering in and out of their state-room, which for my sins was also mine; and opening their abominable, commodious, travelling-bags, or brushing their shaggy heads at the reeling mirror, and since they were born into the world, I think they had never cleaned their finger-nails. They wore their hats at dinner, but always went away after soup, deadly pale."

These passages indicate the influence of Heine's satire, humor, cynicism, mockery, and his epigrammatic, light and graceful style. His novels abound in quotations from Heine. The characters sing and recite Heine's songs in the original. Mr. Howell's prose contains numerous allusions, echoes and reminiscences from Heine's lyrics. A fine illustration of this is found

in the *Italian Journeys* in the chapter entitled *Forza Maggiore*. In this chapter the author speaks of Grossetto and says among other things: "Further, one may say that Grossetto is on the diligence road from Avita Vecchia to Leghorn and that in the very heart of the place there is a very lovely palm-tree, rare, if not sole, in that latitude. This palm stands in a well-sheltered, dull, little court, out of everything's way, and turns tenderly towards the wall that shields it on the north. It has no other company but a beautiful young girl, who leans out of a window high over its head, and I have no doubt talks with it. At the moment we discovered the friends, the maiden was looking pathetically to the northward, while the palm softly stirred and opened its plumes, as a bird does when his song is finished; and there is very little question but it had just been singing to her that song of which the palms are so fond—

‘Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam  
In Norden auf kahler Höh.’

"Grossetto does her utmost, to hide the secret of this tree's existence, as if a hard, matter-of-fact place ought to be ashamed of a sentimentality of the kind."

The reference is, of course, to Heine's song *Ein Fichtenbaum steht einsam*, and from this poem Howells derived his inspiration for his poetical description of Grossetto. His description of Padua is entirely in the manner of Heine. The charm derived from sauntering, the reveries, and meditations and the capricious views remind us at once of similar passages in the *Reisebilder*. Other characteristic passages might be cited from the *Italian Journeys* to show Heine's influence but these will be sufficient for our purpose. Many of the brilliant, witty remarks and sarcasms in the *Suburban Sketches* are slight modifications or renderings of Heine's. In the sketch entitled *A Day's Pleasure* we find the following passage: "I never see' one of those fellows," (sentries) says Cousin Frank, "without setting him to the music of that saddest and subtlest of Heine's poems. You know it Lucy"; and he repeats:

Mein Herz, mein Herz, ist traurig  
Doch lustig leuchtet der Mai;  
Ich stehe gelehnt an der Linde,  
Hoch auf der alten Bastei.

Am alten grauen Thurme  
Ein Schilderhäuschen steht;  
Ein rothgeröckter Bursche  
Dort auf und nieder geht.

Er spielt mit seiner Flinte,  
Sie funkelt im Sonnenroth,  
Er präsentiert, und schultert,—  
Ich wollt, 'er schösse mich todt.'

"Oh!" says Cousin Lucy, either because the poignant melancholy of the sentiment has suddenly pierced her, or because she does not quite understand the German, "you never can tell about women."

The condensation of thought or pregnant brevity is so remarkable in Heine's poems that a poem like the one above quoted often suggested a whole scene in Mr. Howells' sketches.

Even such a late work as *Literature and Life* (New York, 1902) reveals traces of Heine influence. Especially characteristic for wit, humor, sarcasm, mockery and cynicism are such chapters as the one on *The Psychology of Plagiarism*. Mr. Howells' detestation of the English finds an antecedent and parallel in Heine's hatred of the same people as expressed in his *English Fragment*. Sir Walter Besant says that Mr. Howells is the only American who hates the English nation. Traces of Heine's cynicism still linger in him. We shall now turn our attention to his relatively unimportant verse, which is dominated and saddened by the influence of Heine. Mr. Howells has already characterized his early verse and it only remains for us to cite examples of his imitations of Heine. First we shall quote the poem which was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* (January, 1860) and which Lowell suspected of being a translation from Heine. The poem is so obviously and thoroughly Heineesque that it is useless for us to point out parallels and resemblances in

Heine's *Buch der Lieder*. The same melancholy sigh, the longing, the disappointment, the passionate love coupled with the thought of death, that pervade and form the themes of Heine's poems are imitated and expressed in Heine's manner and favorite rhythm. Mr. Howells succeeded in imitating and reproducing the subtle charm and suggestiveness so characteristic of Heine's poems.

Motto from Heine: *Das Vergnügen ist Nichts als ein höchst angenehmer Schmerz.*

*Andenken.*<sup>103</sup>

I.

Through the silent streets of the city,  
In the night's unbusy noon,  
Up and down in the pallor,  
Of the languid summer moon.

I wander and think of the village,  
And the house in the maple-gloom,  
And the porch with the honeysuckles  
And the sweet-brier all abloom.

My soul is sick with the fragrance,  
Of the dewy sweet-brier's breath:  
Oh, darling! the house is empty,  
And lonelier than death!

If I knock, no one will come;—  
The feet are at rest forever,  
If I call no one will answer;  
And the lips are cold and dumb.

The summer moon is shining  
So wan and large and still,  
And the weary dead are sleeping  
In the graveyard under the hill.

II.

We looked at the wide, white circle  
Around the autumn moon,  
And talked of the change of weather,  
It would rain, to-morrow, or soon.

<sup>103</sup> *Atlantic Monthly*, 5, p. 100 f.

And the rain came on the morrow,  
And beat the dying leaves  
From the shuddering bows of the maples  
Into the flooded eaves.

The clouds wept out their sorrow;  
But in my heart the tears  
Are bitter for want of weeping,  
In all these autumn years.

## III.

It is sweet to be awake musing  
In all she has said and done,  
To dwell on the words she uttered,  
To feast on the smiles I won.

To think with what passion at parting  
She gave me my kisses again,—  
Dear adieux, and tears and caresses,—  
Oh, love! was it joy or pain?

To brood with a foolish rapture,  
On the thought that it must be  
My darling this moment is waking  
With tenderest thoughts of me!

O sleep! are thy dreams any sweeter?  
I linger before thy gate  
We must enter at it together,  
And my love is loath and late.

## IV.

The bobolink sings in the meadow,  
The wren in the cherry-tree;  
Come hither, then little maiden,  
And sit upon my knee.

And I will tell thee a story  
I read in a book of rhyme;—  
I will but feign that it happened  
To me, one summer-time.

When we walked through the meadow,  
And she and I were young;—  
The story is old and weary  
With being said and sung.

The story is old and weary  
Oh, child! is it known to thee?  
Who was it that last night kissed thee  
Under the cherry-tree

## V.

Like a bird of evil presage,  
To the lonely house on the shore  
Came the wind with a tale of shipwreck,  
And shrieked at the bolted door.

And flapped its wings in the gables,  
And shouted the well-known names,  
And buffeted the windows  
Afeard in their shuddering frames.

It was night and it was day-time,  
The morning sun is bland,  
The white cap waves come rocking, rocking,  
Into the smiling land.

The white cap waves come rocking, rocking,  
In the sun so soft and bright,  
And toss and play with the dead man  
Drowned in the storm last night.

## VI.

I remember the burning brushwood,  
Glimmering all day long  
Yellow and weak in the sunlight,  
Now leaped up red and strong.

And fired the old dead chestnut,  
That all our years had stood,  
Gaunt and gay and ghostly,  
Apart from the sombre wood.

And flushed with sudden summer,  
The leafless boughs on high  
Blossomed in dreadful beauty  
Against the darkened sky.

We children sat telling stories  
And boasting what we should be,  
When we were men like our fathers,  
And watched the blazing tree.

That showered its furry blossoms,  
Like a rain of stars, we said,  
Of crimson and azure and purple  
That night when I lay in bed.

I could not sleep for seeing,  
Whenever I closed my eyes,  
The tree in its dazzling splendor  
Against the darkened skies.

I cannot sleep for seeing,  
With closed eyes to-night,  
The tree in its dazzling splendor,  
Dropping its blossoms bright.

And old, old dreams of childhood  
Come thronging my weary brain,  
Dear foolish beliefs and longings,  
I doubt, are they real again?

It is nothing, and nothing, and nothing,  
That I either think or see;—  
The phantoms of dead illusions  
To-night are haunting me.

A more Heineesque poem would be hard to find;—a mingling of pessimism, joy, pain, sentiment and sentimentality, particularly the mockery in the last lines.

Another poem in the same manner appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* (April, 1860):

*Lost Beliefs.*

One after one they left us,  
 The sweet birds out of our breasts  
 Went flying away in the morning  
 Will they come again to their nests?

Will they come again at nightfall,  
 With God's breath in their song?  
 Noon is fierce with the heats of summer,  
 And summer days are long!

Oh, my life! with thy upward liftings,  
 Thy downward-striking roots,  
 Ripening out of thy tender blossoms  
 But hard and bitter fruits,—

In thy boughs there is no shelter  
 For my birds to seek again!  
 Ah! the desolate nest is broken  
 And torn with storms and rain!

The volume of *Poems* published by W. D. Howells in 1886 (Boston, Ticknor & Co.), is a collection of poems previously published in magazines, and contains many poems written in the manner of Heine.

Passion, tenderness, yearning, waiting, doubting and despair is the theme of the poem *Forlorn*; the manner is that of Heine; reverie and suggestiveness are the means of delineation. A very close imitation of Heine's theme and manner is the poem *Pleasure-Pain*. The motto is from Heine: "Das vergnügen ist Nichts als ein höchst angenehmer Schmerz." A portion of this we have already cited under *Andenken*. It is really made up of a series of poems in the same vein. To the ones that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Mr. Howells afterwards wrote the following verses in the same vein:

Full of beautiful blossoms  
 Stood the tree in early May:  
 Came a chilly gale from the sunset,  
 And blew the blossoms away;



Scattered them through the garden,  
Tossed them into the mere:  
The sad tree moaned and shuddered,  
"Alas! the Fall is here."

But all through the glowing summer  
The blossomless tree throve fair,  
And the fruit waxed ripe and mellow,  
With sunny rain and air.

And when the dim October  
With golden death was crowned,  
Under the heavy branches  
The tree stooped to the ground.

In youth there comes a west wind  
Blowing our bloom away,—  
A chilly breath of Autumn  
Out of the lips of May.

We bear the ripe fruit after,—  
Ah, me! for the thought of pain!—  
We know the sweetness and beauty  
And the heart-bloom never again.

One sails away to sea,  
One stands on the shore and cries;  
The ship goes down, the world, and the light  
On the sullen water dies.

The whispering shell is mute,  
And after is evil cheer:  
She shall stand on the shore and cry in vain,  
Many and many a year.

But the stately, wide-winged ship  
Lies wrecked on the unknown deep;  
Far under, dead in his coral bed,  
The lover lies asleep.

The same gloom and melancholy tone, and sad dreaming pervade the poem *In August*. The nature-symbolism and suggestion are those of Heine. The little drowsy stream dreams of June, the robins are mute, there is no wind to stir the leaves, the cricket grieves. All nature bewails the dead summer. The same

might be said about *The Empty House*, a dreary and desolate place where mystery, ghosts and gloom linger. Heine's reverie, melancholy, and mockery are reproduced and repeated in Heine's manner with his symbolism, indirect representation, subtle suggestiveness and conciseness in the poem *Bubbles*:

## I.

I stood on the brink in childhood,  
And watched the bubbles go  
From the rock-fretted sunny ripple  
To the smoother tide below.

And over the white creek-bottom,  
Under them every one,  
Went golden stars in the water,  
All luminous with the sun.

But the bubbles broke on the surface,  
And under, the stars of gold  
Broke; and the hurrying water  
Flowed onward, swift and cold.

## II.

I stood on the brink in manhood,  
And it came to my weary brain,  
And my heart, so dull and heavy  
After the years of pain.

That every hollowest bubble  
Which over my life had passed  
Still into its deeper current  
Some heavenly gleam had cast.

That, however, I mocked it gayly,  
And guessed at its hollowness,  
Still shone, with each bursting bubble,  
One star in my soul the less.

Reminding us of Heine's manner is the delicious suggestiveness of the poem *Gone*. A mere suggestion and yet what a multitude of thoughts arise on reading it. Entirely in Heine's manner is the little fragment *The Sarcastic Fair*:

" Her mouth is a honey-blossom,  
No doubt, as the poet sings;  
But within her lips, the petals,  
Lurks a cruel bee, that stings."

These lines recall those from Heine's *Vorrede zur dritten Auflage (Buch der Lieder)*, referring to the Sphinx.

Entzückende Marter und wonniges Weh!  
Der Schmerz wie die Lust unermesslich!  
Derweilen des Mundes Kuss mich beglückt,  
Verwunden die Tatzen mich grässlich.

In the poem *Rapture* we again have anguish, despair, mourning, the joining of love with death. Love and pain, longing and disappointment are sung in the poem *The Thorn*, with the recognition of the fact that every rose has its thorn. The sad mystery of life is sentimentally lamented in the poem, *The Mysteries*, with Heine's characteristic brevity.

The poem, *Snow-Birds*, recalls Heine's *Traumbilder*, from which the inspiration is doubtless derived. A clever imitation of Heine's manner as seen in such poems as *Der bleiche, herbstliche Halbmond*; *Wir sassen am Fischerhause*; *Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar*, is given us in Mr. Howells' poem entitled *Feuerbilder*. The tone, spirit, and sentiment, and especially the mockery in the last lines, are like Heine from beginning to end. The rhythm is also that usually employed by Heine in such poems. Noteworthy is also the calm beginning.

*Feuerbilder.*

The children sit by the fireside  
With their little faces in bloom;  
And behind, the lily-pale mother,  
Looking out of the gloom.

Flushes in cheek and forehead  
With a light and sudden start;  
But the father sits there silent,  
From the fire-light apart.

"Now, what dost thou see in the embers?  
 Tell it to me, my child,"  
 Whispers the lily-pale mother  
 To her daughter sweet and mild.

"O, I see a sky and a moon  
 In the coals and ashes there,  
 And under, two are walking,  
 In the garden of flowers so fair.

"A lady gay, and her lover,  
 Talking with low voiced words,  
 Not to waken the dreaming flowers  
 And the sleepy little birds."

Back in the gloom the mother  
 Shrinks with a sudden sigh,  
 "Now, what dost thou see in the embers?"  
 Cries the father to the boy.

"O, I see a wedding procession  
 Go in at the church's door,—  
 Ladies in silk and knights in steel,—  
 A hundred of them, and more.

"The bride's face is as white as a lily,  
 And the groom's head is as white as snow;  
 And without, with plumes and tapers,  
 A funeral paces slow."

Loudly then laughed the father,  
 And shouted again for cheer,  
 And called to the drowsy housemaid  
 To fetch him a pipe and beer.

Reverie, longing and the usual Heine characteristics are incorporated in the poem, *While She Sang*. Many more poems might be mentioned which contain distinct traces of Heine's influence. We shall now quote three short poems which display this influence in a concise manner: disappointment, unrequited love, longing, insuperable obstacles and cynical mockery are their themes:

*A Poet.*

From wells where Truth in secret lay,  
 He saw the midnight stars by day.

"O marvellous gift!" the many cried,  
"O cruel gift!" his voice replied.

The stars were far and cold and high,  
That glimmered in the noon day sky;

He yearned toward the sun in vain,  
That warmed the lives of other men.

*Convention.*

He falters on the threshold,  
She lingers on the stair:  
Can it be that was his footstep?  
Can it be that she is there?

Without is tender yearning,  
And tender love is within;  
They can hear each other's heart-beats  
But a wooden door is between.

*The Poet's Friends.*

The robin sings in the elm,  
The cattle stand beneath,  
Sedate and grave, with great brown eyes  
And fragrant meadow-breath.

They listen to the flattered bird,  
The wise-looking, stupid things;  
And they never understand a word  
Of all the robin sings.

Certain it is that Mr. Howells did his future poetical reputation an injustice by electing to have it estimated from the performance and promise of these imitations. This became evident when he published *Stops of Various Quills* (New York, 1895). This book of verse possesses high quality; indeed, if Mr. Howells had never published anything but *Stops of Various Quills*, the probability is that he would have taken rank as a poet of marked individuality and high achievement. These lyrics are mostly of a philosophical character, but always truly poetical, because they are always expressive of emotion, sometimes of purely sentimental emotion. The influence of Heine is still seen in the

spirit-anguish. A brooding melancholy resultant of the unsatisfied craving of a high, idealistic intelligence pervades the volume. The "Weltschmerz" is still present in his verse. But this melancholy is lit up with a gleam here and there of vague, undefined faith and trust in things as they are, in the ultimate issue of all. The poems are intense, but sober; often prompted by spiritual pain, but withal, calm and serene. Their tune seems sometimes over-morbid as in Heine. In both Heine and Howells this tone is the echo of real feeling and no mere affectation. The *Stops of Various Quills* come very near to perfection in form, thus showing that Mr. Howells still benefited by the lessons he learned from Heine. These poems are curiously simple in structure and diction, but none the less forceful and artistic. They are brief and concise; not a line, not a word too many. Their imagery is fresh and striking; their coloring is warm, human, and natural. That Heine's irresistible spell is still somewhat effective is clearly indicated in such poems as the *Bewildered Guest* and *Question*, which may have drawn their inspiration from such poems as *Am Meer, am wüsten, nächtlichen Meer*. The pseudo-cynicism is also in evidence in a few of the poems, such as *Society* and *Heredity*.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836- ).

Mr. Aldrich's charm is French and classic as distinguished from German and Romantic. The influence of Hafiz, Herrick, Tennyson and Keats can also be traced in his poetry. That he was but little attracted by such poets as Heine is evident from the following verses:

I little read those poets who have made  
A noble art, a pessimistic trade,  
And trained their Pegasus to draw a hearse  
Through endless avenues of drooping verse.

Yet in the finish, suggestiveness and symbolism we are often reminded of Heine. In the volume *Flower and Thorn* (Boston, 1877), the poems *An Untimely Thought Rencontre*, *Identity and Destiny*, recall Heine in their unlabored suggestive-

ness, but in sentiment, tone and manner they are entirely remote from that poet. *The Pine and the Walnut* (*Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. XXXV, 531), in its symbolism recalls Heine's *Pine and Palm*. An echo of Heine is seen in Mr. Aldrich's fine sonnet, *The Lorelei*. Mr. Aldrich is only indebted to Heine for the theme; the manner, tone and spirit are entirely different from Heine's famous song:

*The Lorelei.*<sup>104</sup>

Yonder we see it from the steamer's deck,  
The haunted mountain of the Lorelei—  
The hanging crags sharp-cut against a sky  
Clear as a sapphire without flaw or fleck.  
'Twas here the Siren lay in wait to wreck,  
The fisher-lad, at dusk, as he rowed by,  
Perchance he heard her tender amorous cry,  
And, seeing the wondrous whiteness of her neck,  
Perchance would halt, and lean towards the shore,  
Then she by that soft magic which she had  
Would lure him, and in gossamers of her hair,  
Gold upon gold, would wrap him o'er and o'er,  
Wrap him, and sing to him, and drive him mad,  
Then drag him down to no man knoweth where.

JOHN A. DORGAN.<sup>105</sup>

This obscure poet was a servile imitator of Heine. His poems deal with Heine's favorite themes—love and death, melancholy, sighing, disappointment, nightingales, reveries, dreams, and sphinxes. The manner, tone, spirit, are entirely Heine's, even the mockery in the last lines is reproduced. The *Tannhäuser* ballad is a cheap imitation of Heine's famous ballad. *The Bard of Pain* is evidently a poem commemorative of Heine. We shall give but one specimen of these imitations, *The Mermaid*, an imitation of Heine's *Lorelei*:

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<sup>104</sup> *The Poems of T. B. Aldrich*. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., p. 393.

<sup>105</sup> *Studies*, by J. A. Dorgan. 3d Ed. Philadelphia, 1866.

The mermaid sits in the moonshine white,  
And sings as she combs her hair,  
A marvellous song that thrills the night  
With its burden strange, Beware! Beware! Beware!  
And the billows begin to tremble and moan—  
To moan and dash themselves at her feet,  
As, ere her lips, their hearts repeat  
The strain they long have known—  
The serpent strain they have heard so oft,  
So lithe, so deadly bright and soft;  
And the winds, her bodiless slaves,  
Arise from their secret caves,  
And howl, as if to drown the strain.  
Of her tremulous song:  
In vain! in vain! its wild refrain  
They deepen and prolong.

Gone is the magic moon;  
And over the sky, so late, so fair,  
As black cloud drifts, through whose rugged rifts  
The stars like torches flare;  
And out of the howling foam beneath  
Come sounds of peril and pain and death;  
Voices that tell of the shipwreck there;  
Shrieks and curses of drowning men;  
And now and then,  
Sobs and sighs that lift the hair  
And lie like a curse on the fainting air;  
And now and then above the war  
Of darkness and despair,  
The mocking pain of that wild refrain,  
Beware! Beware! Beware! Beware!

L. G. THOMAS.

In his volume of *Poems* (New York, 1871), Thomas gives us an imitation of Heine's *Lorelei*. Other poems in the volume show traces of Heine's influence, but as this poet is almost unknown, we shall content ourselves with quoting his imitation of the *Lorelei*:



*Lorelei.*

Lorelei, so wildly sad  
The song of love thou singest me,  
The very grief that drove thee mad  
Hath made me mad for love of thee.

Thou sittest on yon rocky height,  
O'er calm, sad brow thy raven hair  
Floats free as if in joy's despite,  
In all the beauty of despair.

And gazing on that face so fair,  
From whence all joy is banished quite,  
I know calm grief to be more rare  
Than ever is loose-tressed delight.

Therefore, I reck not of my boat,  
Which heaveth with the heaving wave;  
But onward, onward, let it float,—  
Why should I shun a watery grave?

But I will ever gaze, and gaze  
Up to thy face, while to my death  
I drift, and drift, through fearful maze;  
To catch each tone I hold my breath.

And I will perish at thy feet,  
Nor lose one glance of those sweet eyes,  
O thus to perish were more sweet,  
More sweet than opening Paradise!

EMMA LAZARUS (1849-1887).

Books were the world for Emma Lazarus from her earliest years; in them she lost herself and found herself; and from them she drew her inspirations. Her first published volume (1866), contained specimens of translations from Heine. The poems in this volume were crude and immature; but they are nevertheless characteristic, giving, as they do, the keynote of much that afterwards enfolded itself in her life. A profound melancholy pervades the book, reminding us of Heine. There is not a wholly glad and joyous strain in the volume. The recurrence of broken vows, broken hearts, and broken lives in the experience of this

maiden just entered upon her teens, leads us to believe that she is merely imitating Heine. The gloomy and sombre streak later took deeper root; it became the stamp and heritage of her race, born to suffer. But dominant and fundamental though it was, Hebraism was only latent thus far. It was classic and romantic art that first inspired her. She pictures Aphrodite the beautiful, arising from the waves, and the beautiful Apollo. Beauty, for its own sake, supreme and unconditional, charmed her. Her restless spirit found repose in the pagan idea—the absolute unity and identity of man with nature, as symbolized in the Greek myths, where every natural force becomes a person, and where in turn, persons pass with equal readiness and freedom back into nature again. In these connections the influence of Heine at once suggests itself—Heine the Greek, Heine the Jew, and Heine the Pantheist. Already in this early volume we have traces of the kinship, affinity and influence that afterwards so plainly declared itself. Foremost among the translations are a number of Heine's songs, excellently rendered. At the age of twenty-one she published her second volume, *Admetus and Other Poems*. Of classic themes we have *Admetus and Orpheus*, and of romantic the legend of *Tannhäuser*, showing clearly the influence of Heine's ballad, *Tannhäuser*. All are treated with the artistic finish of Heine. She sounds no new note; Heine's desolation, loneliness and despair are repeated. Her poems, like Heine's, are subjective and biographical. Some later poems show that she fell under the influence of Emerson, with whom she was brought into personal relations. He became her mentor. Even his encouragement failed to elate her and the morbid, melancholy tone prevailed in her works. Her brain spent itself in dreaming and reverie. As in Heine, we still have in her poems the landscape of the night, the glamour of moon and stars, pictures half real and half unreal, mystic imaginings, fancies, dreams, and throughout the unanswered cry, the eternal Wherefore of Destiny (cf. Heine's *Fragen, Nordsee*). In 1874 she published *Alide*, a romance in prose drawn from Goethe's autobiography (*Dichtung und Wahrheit*). In 1881 appeared the translation of Heine's poems and ballads and a few years later her essay on Heine's

genius in the *Century Magazine* (Vol. VII). She was charmed by the magic of his verse, the iridescent play of his fancy and the sudden cry of the heart, piercing through it all. She was only vaguely conscious of the real bond between her and Heine. Her last days were like those of Heine on his mattress-grave in Paris. She, too, the last time she went out, dragged herself to the Louvre, to the feet of the Venus, the goddess without arms, who could not help. Her intellect also seemed kindled anew during her long agony and suffering. Never did she appear so brilliant as when she was wasted to a shadow. The poem *Tannhäuser* was written in 1870. It is an unrhymed narrative. Many critics accused her of borrowing from Morris's *Hill of Venus*; but her poem was written before William Morris's poem appeared. Her chief indebtedness is to Heine's *Tannhäuser*. Many poems might be cited which show traces of Heine's influence on Emma Lazarus, but we shall confine ourselves to a few poems which she herself acknowledged <sup>106</sup> to be imitations of Heine.

Heine tells us in his *Correspondence* that the ensemble of his romance *Donna Clara* was a scene from his own life—only the park of Berlin became the Alcade's garden, the Baroness a Señora, and he himself a St. George or even an Apollo. This was only to be the first part of a trilogy, the second of which shows the hero jeered at by his own child who does not know him, whilst the third discovers the child, who has become a Dominican, and is torturing to death his Jewish brethren. The refrain of these two pieces corresponds with that of the first. Indeed, Heine tells us that this little poem was not intended to excite laughter, still less to denote a mocking spirit. He merely wished, without any definite purpose, to render with epic impartiality in this poem an individual circumstance, and at the same time, something general and universal—a moment in the world's history which was distinctly reflected in his experience, and he had conceived the whole idea in a spirit which was anything rather than smiling, but serious and painful, so much so, that it was to form the first part of a tragic trilogy. Guided

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<sup>106</sup> *Poems of Emma Lazarus*. 2 Vols. Boston, 1889. Vol. II, p. 213.

by these hints, Emma Lazarus has endeavored to carry out in the two following ballads Heine's first conception. How well she has succeeded in imitating and reproducing Heine's manner, tone and sentiment will become obvious.

*Don Pedrillo.*

Not a lad in Saragossa  
Nobler-featured, haughtier-tempered,  
Than the Alcalde's youthful grandson,  
Donna Clara's boy Pedrillo.

Handsome as the Prince of Evil,  
And devout as St. Ignatius  
Deft at fence, unmatched with zither,  
Miniature of knightly virtues.

Truly an unfailing blessing  
To his pious widowed mother,  
To the beautiful, lone matron  
Who foreswore the world to rear him.

For her beauty hath but ripened  
In such wise as the pomegranate  
Putteth by her crown of blossoms,  
For her richer crown of fruitage.

Still her hand is claimed and courted,  
Still she spurns her proudest suitors,  
Doting on a phantom passion,  
And upon her boy Pedrillo.

Like a saint lives Donna Clara,  
First at matins, last at vespers,  
Half her fortune she expendeth  
Buying masses for the needy.

Visiting the poor afflicted,  
Infinite is her compassion,  
Scorning not the Moorish beggar,  
Nor the wretched Jew despising.

And—a scandal to the faithful,  
E'en she hath been known to welcome  
To her castle the young Rabbi,  
Offering to his tribe her bounty.

Rarely hath he crossed the threshold,  
Yet the thought that he hath crossed it,  
Burns like poison in the marrow  
Of the zealous youth Pedrillo.

By the blessed Saint Iago,  
He hath vowed immortal hatred  
To these circumcised intruders  
Who pollute the soil of Spaniards.

Seated in his mother's garden,  
At high noon, the boy Pedrillo,  
Playeth with his favorite parrot,  
Golden-green with streaks of scarlet.

"Pretty Dodo, speak thy lesson,"  
Coaxed Pedrillo—"thief and traitor"—  
"Thief and traitor"—croaked the parrot,  
"Is the yellow-skirted Rabbi."

And the boy with peals of laughter,  
Stroked his favorite's head of emerald,  
Raised his eyes, and lo! before him  
Stood the yellow-skirted Rabbi.

In his dark eyes gleamed no anger,  
No hot flush o'erspread his features  
'Neath his beard his pale lips quivered,  
And a shadow crossed his forehead.

Very gentle was his aspect,  
And his voice was mild and friendly,  
"Evil words, my son, thou speakest,  
Teaching to the fowls of heaven.

"In our Talmud it stands written,  
Thrice curst is the tongue of slander,  
Poisoning also with its victim,  
Him who speaks and him who listens."

But no whit abashed, Pedrillo,  
"What care I for curse of Talmud?  
'Tis no slander to speak evil  
Of the murderers of our Savior.

"To your beard I will repeat it,  
That I only bide my manhood,  
To wreak all my lawful hatred,  
On thyself and on thy people."

Very gently spoke the Rabbi,  
"Have a care, my son Pedrillo,  
Thou art orphaned, and who knoweth  
But thy father loved this people?"

"Think you words like these will touch me?  
Such I laugh to scorn, sir Rabbi,  
From high heaven, my sainted father  
On my deeds will smile in blessing.

"Loyal knight was he and noble,  
And my mother oft assures me,  
Ne'er she saw so pure a Christian,  
'Tis from him my zeal deriveth."

"What if he were such another  
As myself who stand before thee?"  
"I should curse the hour that bore me,  
I should die of shame and horror."

"Harsher is thy creed than ours;  
For had I a son as comely  
As Pedrillo, I would love him,  
Love him were he thrice a Christian.

"In his youth my youth renewing  
Pamper, fondle, die to serve him,  
Only breathing through his spirit—  
Couldst thou not love such a father?"

Faltering spoke the deep-voiced Rabbi,  
With white lips and twitching fingers,  
Then in clear, young, steady treble,  
Answered him the boy Pedrillo:

"At the thought my heart revolteth,  
All your tribe offend my senses,  
They're an eyesore to my vision,  
And a stench unto my nostrils.

“ When I meet these unbelievers,  
With thick-lips and eagle noses,  
Thus I scorn them, thus revile them,  
Thus I spit upon their garment.”

And the haughty youth passed onward,  
Bearing on his wrist his parrot,  
And the yellow-skirted Rabbi  
With bowed head sought Donna Clara.

*Fra Pedro.*

Golden lights and lengthening shadows,  
Flings the splendid sun declining,  
O'er the monastery garden  
Rich in flower, fruit and foliage.

Through the avenue of nut trees,  
Pace two grave and ghostly friars,  
Snowy white their gowns and girdles,  
Black as night their cowls and mantles.

Lithe and ferret-eyed the younger,  
Black his scapular denoting  
A lay brother ; his companion  
Large, imperious, towers above him.

'Tis the abbot, great Fra Pedro,  
Famous through all Saragossa  
For his quenchless zeal in crushing  
Heresy amidst his townfolk.

Handsome still with hood and tonsure,  
E'en as when the boy Pedrillo,  
Insolent with youth and beauty,  
Who reviled the gentle Rabbi.

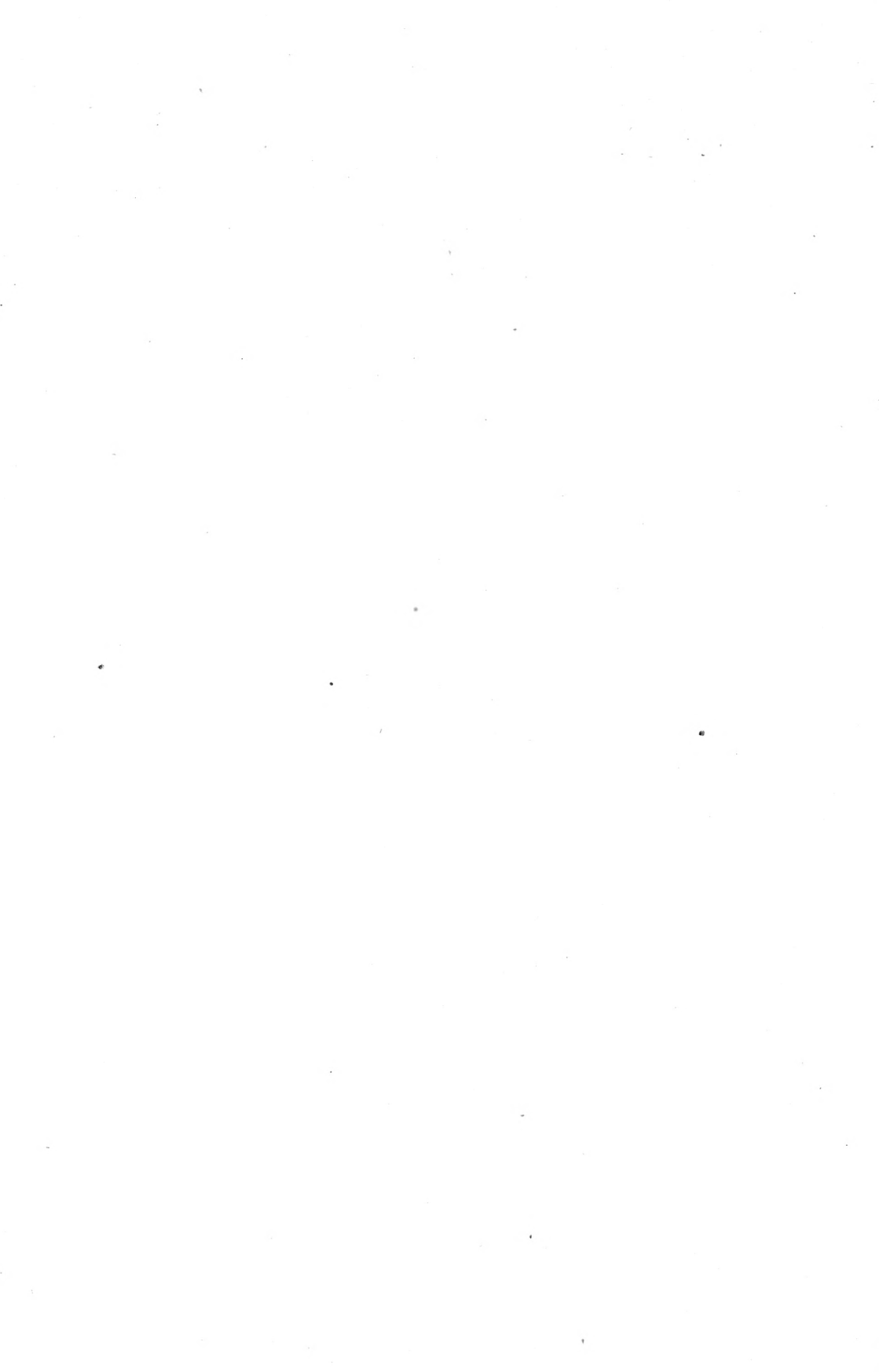
Lo, the level sun strikes sparkles  
From his dark eyes brightly flashing  
Stern his voice: “These too shall perish,  
I have vowed extermination.

“ Tell not me of skill or virtue,  
Filial love or woman's beauty.  
Jews are Jews, as serpents serpents,  
In themselves abomination.”

- Earnestly the other pleaded,  
"If my zeal, thrice reverend master,  
E'er afforded the assistance,  
Serving thee as flesh serves spirit.
- "Hounding, scourging, flaying, burning,  
Casting into chains or exile,  
At thy bidding these vile wretches,  
Hear and heed me now, my master.
- "These be nowise like their brethren,  
Ben Jehudah is accounted  
Saragossa's first physician,  
Loved by colleague as by patient.
- "And his daughter Donna Zara  
Is our city's pearl of beauty,  
Like the clusters of the vineyard  
Droop the ringlets o'er her temples.
- "Like the moon in starry heavens  
Shines her face among her people,  
And her form hath all the languor,  
Grace and glamour of the palm-tree.
- "Well thou knowest, thrice reverend master,  
This is not their first affliction,  
Was it not our Holy Office  
Whose bribed menials fired their dwelling?
- "Ere dawn broke, the smoke ascended,  
Choked the stairways, filled the chambers,  
Waked the household to the terror  
Of the flaming death that threatened.
- "Then the poor bed-ridden mother  
Knew her hour had come: two daughters,  
Twinned in form, and mind, and spirit,  
And their father—who would save them?
- "Towards her door sprang Ben Jehudah,  
Donna Zara flew behind him  
Round his neck her white arms wreathing,  
Drew him from the burning chamber.
- "There within, her sister Zillah  
Stirred no limb to shun her torture,  
Held her mother's hand and kissed her,  
Saying, 'We will go together.'



- " This the outer throng could witness,  
As the flames enwound the dwelling,  
Like a glory they illumined  
Awfully the martyred daughter.
- " Closer, fiercer, round they gathered,  
Not a natural cry escaped her,  
Helpless clung to her her mother,  
Hand in hand they went together.
- " Since that 'Act of Faith' three winters  
Have rolled by, yet on the forehead  
Of Jehudah is imprinted  
Still the horror of that morning.
- " Saragossa hath respected  
His false creed; a man of sorrows,  
He hath walked secure among us,  
And his art repays our sufferance."
- Thus he spoke and ceased. The Abbot  
Lent him an impatient hearing,  
Then outbroke with angry accent,  
"We have borne three years, thou sayest?"
- " 'Tis enough; my vow is sacred.  
These shall perish with their brethren.  
Hark ye! In my veins' pure current  
Were a single drop found Jewish.
- " I would shrink not from outpouring  
All my life blood but to purge it.  
Shall I gentler prove to others?  
Mercy would be sacriligious.
- " Ne'er again at thy soul's peril,  
Speak to me of Jewish beauty,  
Jewish skill or Jewish virtue.  
I have said. Do thou remember?"
- Down beside the purple hillside  
Dropped the sun, above the garden  
Rung the Angelus' clear cadence  
Summoning the monks to vespers.



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